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WASHINGTON

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SPORTING AND SENSATIONAL EVENTS

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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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P. P., Lockport, N. Y.—Portraits of your city police force appeared in No. 161.

R. A., New Orleans, La.—Send the photographs of the parties and also a sketch.

M. O., Cairo, Ill.—You must have a natural taste for drawing. It is not acquired.

T. M., Little Rock, Ark.—Can't make use of sketch. Shooting affrays are too common.

X. T., Denver, Col.—That is a private matter. We do not divulge the names of correspondents.

S. S., Cincinnati.—Have no choice. Sketch of no use; not lively enough; might do for the *Gospel Banner*.

M. S., Pithole, Pa.—You can obtain information on such matters by writing direct to the chief of police. See sporting columns.

Miss L. S., Georgia.—Have no recollection as to the authorship of the article. Sorry we cannot give you the information desired.

INQUIRER, Troy, N. Y.—Such sketches are of no use. Send items of interest, or anything novel which will make a good illustration.

S. P., Galveston.—Portraits of John Morrissey and Bill Poole were published in No. 159. You can obtain them by sending postage and price.

C. W., Rochester, N. Y.—All records of great sporting events will be mentioned in the *GAZETTE*, providing you address them to the Sporting Editor.

MERCHANT, Chicago.—We consider the *Diari de la Guirra* of Venezuela, one of the best advertising mediums in South America; it is a good, live paper.

W. A., Freeport, Ill.—Consult a lawyer. It may cost you something, but it will pay in the long run. A man, who travels outside his calling, generally makes a failure.

P. W., Trenton, N. J.—The lives of all the principal pugilists of America, with their portraits, will soon be published in book form. It will prove valuable as a hand-book to all sports.

NEWS AGENT, Buffalo, N. Y.—The American News Company supply the trade with "Footlight Favorites" and "Glances of Gotham." Write them for terms and advertising matter.

H. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—If you can obtain authentic sketches of the jail and the surroundings where the Wade-Brown execution is to take place, you can forward them to this office.

S. W. N., Kansas City, Mo.—Yes; we have back numbers always on hand, and if you cannot obtain them from your newsdealer, you can have them direct from this office by sending price and postage.

J. W. MORRIS, Buffalo.—Most emphatically no. The *POLICE GAZETTE* is an independent institution. The paper referred to is merely an imitation, and a poor one at that. Don't confound the two. Address all your letters to Richard K. Fox, 183 William Street, New York.

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## NOT OUR FUNERAL.

The political campaign, thanks to the flight of Old Father Time is rapidly drawing to a close. It has, in many respects, been one of the bitterest political fights America has ever witnessed. Personalities have entered largely into the canvas, and rival editors of different political faith have indulged in mud slinging and billingsgate in a manner which that would make the fishermen of old England green with envy.

Amid this war of words and wreck of characters the *POLICE GAZETTE* has pursued the quiet progressive tenor of its way. While all the other papers have been tearing down, it has been constantly building up. No one has been abused or maligned. Evil doers have had the truth told about them in plain language—no matter whether they were Democrats or Republicans. It has sought by every means to present the current events of the week in an attractive form, pictorially and typographically, and has received the most flattering evidence from all quarters that its efforts are appreciated.

That we are susceptible to the commendations of our readers, we think has been fairly demonstrated in the past. No matter how flattering they have been, they have not, however, "turned our head" or caused us to grow weary of well doing. At no time since its establishment, thirty-four years ago, has the *POLICE GAZETTE* held so high a standard of merit as at present. Its pictorial department is conceded on all sides to be the equal of any paper published, and for good reasons. The artists employed are the best the country affords. Its literary department embraces a variety of matter suited to all tastes. Sports, sensational events, valuable records of the past, and other information of an interesting character fill its pages each week. While the campaign has been raging, we have kept on our way unshaken of motion, and the result is apparent to everyone. And we propose to keep going at the same gait all the time. Whether Garfield or Hancock is elected President, we believe the country will go right ahead improving and prospering, just the same as ever—partizan editors to the contrary notwithstanding. The genius of the American people is progress, and nothing political can stay the onward march. The same spirit will actuate the *GAZETTE* all the time. It will keep step to the music, and keep in the van at that.

## BAD BARGAINS.

During the Episcopal convention in this city recently the subject of divorce as a bar to further marital privileges was brought up and discussed. One reverend gentleman held that when once a man or woman had obtained a divorce, that neither should be allowed to marry again. The folly of such an opinion is self evident. If either one of the contracting parties violates the vows made at the altar, while the other remains true to them, it should not follow that the latter should be doomed to suffer the effects of his or her partner's sin.

Without entering into any controversy with the views entertained by this conservative gentleman, we would suggest that a much better theme for discussion by clergymen would be the means to prevent divorces at all. So common has this legal cure for domestic ills become that it threatens to undermine the foundation of American society. The most frivolous pretenses are made the basis of a suit, and very often husband and wife connive together for a separation, their mutual preferences in other directions making divorce desirable. And they are aided in their plans by the laxity of the laws in many states on this subject.

A much better policy for the clergy to pursue would be the reform of some of these laws, and the education of the people up to a higher appreciation of the sanctity of the marriage relation. There is too much sensuality at the bottom of many marital contracts, and parties who enter into a life compact with a superficial idea of its responsibilities and seriousness entail upon themselves misery which may cast a blight over their lives. Let moral teachers and reformers of all kinds give their attention to this subject, and there will be less domestic infelicity and fewer divorces.

## AN EXPENSIVE LESSON.

The women bankers of Boston who have been illustrating the astounding gullibility of the more respectable classes of the Boston women, have been arrested for fraud. That won't restore the money belonging to lady clerks, sewing women, widows and spinsters which these "bankers" have taken from them, under the promise to pay them one hundred and twenty per cent. a year for the use of it. It will, however, teach the women of Boston a most valuable lesson in the fundamental principle of political economy that bankers can't honestly pay depositors a higher interest on money than they can make on it themselves. That it is only inexperience and ignorance of business principles, and not any particular feminine want of

intelligence, that has got these victims of the "ladies' depository" into trouble, may be inferred from the fact that if women alone were the dupes it was women alone that did the duping. Mrs. Howe and her confederates were "smart" enough to show that the women they "fleece" may be smart enough to learn to keep out of their clutches next time.

## THE DESPERATION OF PRISONER.

### A Bold Attempt for Liberty, and a Despairing Effort to Get It.

A daring attempt to escape from the eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia was made the other day. Sinclair, a well-known burglar, in company with a young Philadelphia thief, dug a tunnel from their cell through a three foot wall underground to a small yard attached to that part of the prison. A twelve foot wall separated this space from the larger area, surrounded by a wall thirty-five feet high. To get over the latter they had provided a most ingenious ladder. They cut the slats of their bed into pieces, and then secured the sides with their blankets and sheets, which were slit into strips. It is a rule of the penitentiary to have the yards patrolled each night by a watchman and three large bloodhounds. About 5 o'clock in the morning the bloodhounds are withdrawn to allow the baker and his men an opportunity to move around and attend to their work of preparing breakfast. The watchman, however, remains on patrol. On the morning in question, as soon as the dogs were tied up, Sinclair and his companion crawled through the tunnel in the yard, climbed the low wall, and were soon at the other wall with their ladder. They reared it up against the big pile of stone, and Sinclair, who is a large, muscular fellow, started to climb to the top. The ladder bore him till he had reached about the middle. It was too frail to stand the pressure of the enterprising burglar, who fell to the ground. For nearly an hour these two fellows worked in the yard racking their brains and torturing themselves in vain endeavors to escape. They gave up in despair, and yielded themselves to the guard, much to his surprise.

## STARING FATE IN THE FACE.

### What Caused an Old Benedict to Become a Grass Widower.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is related of an old bachelor who had resisted the wiles of Hymen all his life that at last, tempted by a snug fortune, he gave up his ideas of celibacy and went out to himself a wife. The latter could not by any stretch of imagination be called handsome. Whatever vestige of comeliness she had ever possessed, time had brushed away, and she looked like a relic of by-gone days. But the possession of a comfortable home and a snug bank account made the old bachelor blind to all of her personal defects. They were married, and on retiring for the night in the bride's house, the old Benedict made a discovery well calculated to cause alarm in the breast of any one unused to the cares and trials of matrimony. Hanging on the wall were four pairs of pants of different sizes, plainly indicating different wearers. "Great heavens, Sophronia!" cried the old man, "where did they come from?" Whimperingly the bride told him that they were relics of his predecessors. It may have been imagination or second sight, but the old man thought he saw his fate hanging on the wall. He suddenly recollected that he had forgotten something down stairs, and made his way down at once. He never came back. He may have forgotten the way.

## Out of Her Sphere.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Mary Rice, of Lagrange, Ind., succeeded recently in obtaining a questionable sort of notoriety. It would seem that she belongs to that class of women who like to dabble in politics, and who generally manage to commit some foolish act in excess of zeal. The democrats of her town recently erected a pole in honor of their candidate. They left it supported by ropes attached to a neighboring building. Miss Rice armed herself with a knife and cut the ropes, letting the pole fall. The most rabid partisan would find it a difficult task to prove that such an act was lady-like. Women who meddle with politics are generally a nuisance.

## Bound to be Ignorant.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of jockeys on Long Island came to the conclusion that it would be a novelty to educate a pair of mules in the hurdle business. They would create a sensation on a race course. So they went to training a pair. Their first gallop across the country was not a success. Arriving at a stream, the mules instead of jumping, stopped short and performed what is known as the "bucking act." Both of the jockeys received a tumble and a ducking, which knocked all farther desire to educate mules out of them.

## A Stampede in a Store.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A flock of sheep while being driven through the streets of Dubuque, Ia., made their escape, and rushed pell-mell into a large dry-goods store where a number of ladies were shopping. There was a general stampede among the ladies. One stalwart country girl drove them out, and assisted an obstinate old buck to the sidewalk by grabbing him by the horns.

Next week's *Police Gazette*, No. 163, will contain a beautiful portrait of Sara Bernhardt, in her celebrated character of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." This photograph was taken expressly for the *Police Gazette*, in Paris, and will prove of great interest to all who admire the genius of this remarkable woman.

## SEASONING.

Eve was the first and only woman who did not gather up her skirts and yell at the sight of a snake.

An exchange says: "Good wives are wanted in the northwest." Surely this is not strange. Is there any place where they are not wanted?—*Elmira Free Press*.

"Is there any balm in Gilead?" questions a heart-broken, love-sick youth. Can't say, but if there is any of the article there, it's about the only place where you'll find it. There's none down in this locality.

THE day has gone by when a man could lounge around at the billiard room all night, and then sneak home at about four o'clock with a load of beef and delude his wife into believing that he had been to early market.

"CLOTHE me in dreams," says Fanny Driscoll, a tender-hearted poet. That might have been sufficient a few weeks since, Fanny, during the heated term, but don't you attempt to go out in this weather with nothing on you but a dream. Why you'd catch your death of cold, girl! Don't do it; please don't.

WHEN an Eastern man goes to Colorado he is called a "tenderfoot" until he has been stabbed and shot at, has engaged in a free fight and fallen down a mine, has been kicked by a mule and chased by a vigilance committee. Then they admit he is getting used to the country, and when he kills his man he is looked upon as a citizen.

At the twilight hour, Jemima  
Sat on the vine clad porch  
And admired the king of her heart  
Carrying a kerosene torch.

At the midnight hour the king  
Laid on the vine-clad porch.  
And the oil that made him sick  
Didn't come out of the torch.

A MODERN drama. She bade him go forth and not return until he had made his fortune. He went. Ten long months elapsed. It seems almost an age. Once more she crosses the threshold of her father's house. She meets him in the hallway. "What news?" are the first words that burst from her trembling lips. "My darling, my darling, I am a New York backman." "Glory!" she cries. They embrace, and are married the following Saturday.

NEBRASKA theatre audiences are unconventional in their conduct. At Lincoln, while John T. Ryndon was presenting the trial scene in "Colonel Sellers," two dogs began to fight in the center aisle. All attention was immediately diverted from the stage to the fight. "I move we suspend proceedings in this court," said Raymond, "and I'd bet a dollar on the white dog." "I'll take you," cried a man in the audience. The white dog won, the dollar was passed across the footlights to the star, and the acting of the play was resumed.

A SMALL boy in his anxiety to study the lines of beauty displayed by one of the living statues at a Cincinnati variety theatre the other night, reached too far over the gallery railing, and, losing his balance tumbled into the lap of a spectator in the parquet below. The gentleman was badly scared for a moment, but the youngster was unharmed, and reassured him, saying, "Shove up mister, and let me have your seat. If the gallery policeman sees me standing up he'll fire me out for trying to beat him out of a quarter." That boy knows how to take a tumble.

A PARTY of gentlemen were playing poker in Louisville when a terrific storm arose; the lightning played as familiarly about the house as a duck paddles in a frog pond, and crash after crash of thunder rent the air. Immediately after a terrific crash Col. G. arose, threw down his hand, put on his overcoat, and said:

"I can't stand this, gentlemen; I must leave you."

"What for?"

"If the lightning strikes this building and kills us all, I'm darned if I want the angel Gabriel to find me with a bob-tail flush."

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy in a public school at Barryville, N. Y., tripped up a female pupil about his own age, whereupon she slapped his face. He then struck her, and the teacher whipped him, and said the lad, to make full amends, must kiss the girl. This he refused to do, and got another whipping. Still objecting to imprint what Dr. Holmes calls the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet on the lips of the miss, he received another thrashing and was sent home. This boy will experience a remarkable change before six years more are piled on to his age. It will not be necessary to whip him to make him kiss the girls. Three floggings would not make him discontinue the practice; and if the teacher, instead of chastising the youth and sending him home, had waited a few years, his refractory scholar would have complied with his request without a murmur.

THE rapidity with which the world progresses is astounding. The fashions for girls who elope just now are very plain. Some white drapery, a convenient window, a long ladder, a dark night, a coach, a minister and the house of a friend, and the elopement is over. If the irate father, armed with a double-barreled coal shovel and a town constable does not pursue, the affair is, although a picturesque, not exactly a successful elopement. If the father of the bride relents within two days the foolish couple are not happy. If it leaks out that the mother of the bride is in the secret much of the pleasure of the trip is spoiled. If both the father and mother of the bride are in the secret of her going away and have actually left the ladder near the window, and that fact is found out, the elopement is a failure. In the olden time the elopement bride packed all her portable goods on herself, and went away heavily laden. Now, as she is about to return in a day or two in her lady friend's dress, she goes away quite light.



## LIFE'S CURIOSITY SHOP.

HORACE LOVE married his living wife's sister, at Denman, Ga., and goes to prison for bigamy.

An officer at a fair at Ridgeville, Ind., caught a man climbing over the fence, and deliberately killed him with a pistol.

Mrs. GEORGE RILEY's house at Prenticevale, Pa., was burned during her absence and her two little children perished in the flames.

An Oregon ranchman threw a lasso clumsily, and the noose fell around his own neck. Just then the horse unseated him, and one end of the rope being fast to the saddle, he was choked to death.

A MAN leaped from a third-story window in Philadelphia to escape from his infuriated wife. His leg was broken; but that was nothing, he said, to what he would have suffered if he had not jumped.

THE price of a wife in Siberia is eight dogs, and an exceptionally good wife is worth ten dogs. But dogs are plentiful in that country, and a wife doesn't cost as much as a number of dogs seem to indicate.

Dr. McMAHON's attentions to a young lady at Columbiana, Ohio, did not please her friends among the young men of the village, because they knew that he had a wife at Alliance, so they pelted him with raw eggs.

A BILL collector returned to Memphis on horseback, with a bag full of gold and silver coin. The horse ran away, the bag burst, and a great crowd followed for a mile, picking up the money, none of which has been recovered.

THE Sardinian police have at length arrested the so-called brigand, Tolu, who, thirty-two years ago, killed a priest who had seduced his wife. He fled in order to avoid a trial, and was sheltered by the peasantry, over whom he exercised a kind of protectorate.

JIM NEAL killed Jack Isaacs in a street fight at Williamstown, Ky., and then, handing the pistol with which he had done the shooting to the dead man's brother, said: "I've murdered Jack, and now you can murder me." The proposition was not accepted.

THE revenue cutter Corwin, has arrived at San Francisco, and brings news that at St. Lawrence Island, out of 700 inhabitants 500 were found dead of starvation. The traders had introduced liquor among them causing them to neglect laying up their usual supply of provisions.

JIM SHIRLEY started to take Nellie Wright to a dance at James Miller's, near the town of Kane, Green County, Ill. Matt Munday followed them and attempted to take the girl away from Shirley, but failing, shot Shirley dead. He also fired at the girl. He then fled, and at last accounts had not been captured.

MR. AND MRS. TINSLEY were divorced years ago, at Columbus, Ind. Both made subsequent matrimonial ventures, he taking four wives in succession, and she two husbands. At length, both being free, they discussed their varied experience, admitted that neither had been happy since their parting, and finally were reunited.

SOME of the boys belonging to the most respectable families of Peru, Ill., fitted up a cave as a club house. For every meeting night two of their number were appointed a committee, and upon them devolved the task of providing refreshments. Cigar stores, saloons and groceries were so frequently robbed that an investigation was made.

In a coffee-grinding mill in Chicago a maiden of advanced age placed in several packages of coffee, a card saying that any gentleman matrimonially inclined might address her. An aged and wealthy Milwaukee widower quarreled with his housekeeper, and while preparing his lonely breakfast found the card, and now the maiden is Mrs. Milwaukee.

FRANCISCO BECERA, committed suicide at Brownsville, Tex., on account of ill-luck at cards. He was eighty years old. Early in life he fought for Mexican independence under Gens. Bravo and Morales; at a later day he invaded Texas with the army of Santa Anna and was present at the battle of San Jacinto. During the war between Mexico and the United States he served on the American side.

From Ottawa, Ont., comes the news of the strange death of a young lady, named Louisa Berry, which was hastened by a terrible dream. The victim was suffering from a heavy cold. She was noticed to tremble and murmur in her sleep. She soon after awoke in a terrible state of alarm and related her dream. She said she had seen herself carried as a corpse. The horrible vision so completely shattered her nerves as to produce violent palpitation of the heart, which almost immediately ended fatally.

FARMER DORSEY undertook to replace the tire on a wagon wheel at Mercer, Va. The ordinary process is to expand the tire by heating it, and slip it in place, where it tightens by contraction as it cools. But in this instance there was trouble at every stage of the work. The tire was not hot enough, the tire was not a true circle, and after spending half a day fruitlessly at the job, the exasperated man committed suicide.

A BIG, fat-colored woman came to the Galveston Chief of Police and told him that her step-son had run away and she wanted to know where he was. "It boggles me to know why he left. He had everything he wanted to make him comfortable. I had done all I could for him," she observed. "Has he any marks by which he could be recognized?" "Well, I don't reckon all the marks I made on him with a bed slat while the old man was holdin' him, has faded out yet."

THE colored Sons and Daughters of Rebecca were dancing merrily in a St. Louis hall, and the

members of the German Baptist Conference were eating supper in a room underneath. A janitor entered an apartment adjoining the hall where the gas had been turned on unlighted, and struck a match. A tremendous explosion was the result, and an entire set of dancers dropped through the shattered floor right on the clergymen's table. Ball and supper were both ruined.

Mrs. ANNA STILES had two neighbors, at South Windsor, Conn., whom she hated, and sent them two packages of poisoned candy by mail. Two families were made dangerously ill, but only one life was lost. Mrs. Stiles was arrested, but before the time for her trial she became insane. That was nine years ago. Now the physicians of the asylum in which she has spent the interval pronounce her fully recovered, and she is to be tried for the crime which, she says, seems to her to have been committed only yesterday.

THERE is now living in Morrilltown, Conway county, Ark., a woman who has been married fourteen times. She is now sixty-five years old, and, matrimonially speaking, she has been remarkably successful. Her fourteenth husband is now living, but is not known how soon he may drop off, and, considering the epidemic that has raged among his predecessors, his position is one of extreme danger. In the hall of the house where the lady now lives there are thirteen pegs driven in the wall on which hangs thirteen hats labeled John, Tom, Abe, Bill, and so on.

HENRY HOLTENBURG had black hair and a ruddy complexion when he married Miss Schwartz, at Nashville, a year ago. She supposed he was about forty, though he made no statement on that point. The honeymoon was scarcely over before his hair became gray, his cheeks lost their color, and he showed at least sixty years. The fact was he had discontinued the use of dye and rouge. The angry wife wanted to sue for a divorce, but the lawyer told her that the grounds were not sufficient. The worst she could do was to desert him, which she lost no time in doing.

THE wife of Sim. Harper, of Pulaski county, Ky., eloped with Mark Shelton a youth of nineteen, both riding one horse to Stanford, where they stopped over night, their alleged destination being Indiana, where they were to be married. That night Shelton sold the horse, obtained from the woman all the money she had, and left the town alone. The authorities at Lebanon, being telegraphed to, arrested Shelton there, and Harper came up from Pulaski county to prosecute him. They failed to make out a case of grand larceny, and Mrs. Harper returned home with her husband.

MISS SADIE COMERY and Harry Ames, of Stone county, were quietly married and armed with the certificate, put in a bid for the bridal chamber of the Exchange hotel at Big Stone, Michigan. Manager Knowlton looked wise and called for their credentials, which were produced, but the wary Knowlton would not have it until the squire came down and said it was all right. The justice was pledged to secrecy and would not betray confidence at first, but the bridal party began to get anxious and unsealed his lips and were made happy in the blessed realization of young love's dream.

THERE was a church fair at Muncie, Ark., and photographs of the young women who were to serve at the stands were displayed in the windows of the stores, including those of the character costumes. A traveling burlesque company came along at the same time, and portraits of blondes in tight corsets were placed alongside the others. The pastor hastily removed the pictures of the Muncie girls. Then the theatrical man placarded the actresses' pictures with: "These artists have no connection whatever with the amateur performance at the Baptist church, but can only be seen at Tabor Hall."

A TRAMP gave a woman living in the suburbs of Galveston some impudence. So she rushed in and came out again with a shot-gun. She did not see the tramp at first, but he rushed out into the street in plain view and told her to shoot, which she did, and missed him, of course. He went up the street smiling, and remarked to his confederate: "That was a close call. If she had fired without seeing where I was, she would have plugged me certain, but as soon as she drew down on me I felt that my time hadn't come yet. I've been there five times before." It is singular that it is impossible for a woman to fire off a gun without shutting her eyes and turning her head away.

BELKNAP and Mrs. Greene eloped together at Melrose, Wis. They drove a good horse rapidly, but had not gone more than ten miles before they heard a clatter of hoofs behind. Greene had hastily mounted and started in pursuit. The race was long and exciting; but the husband at length rode alongside the pair, cocked a pistol, and commanded a halt. Belknap was abject with terror. "You may have your wife, Mr. Greene," he said. "I don't want her," Greene replied; "you don't think I've chased you like mad to get her back? Oh, no. But I'll take my dollar and a half that she's got in her pocket." The money was given up, and the elopement proceeded quietly.

JOHN HAMILTON's wife obtained a divorce from him at Rock Island, Ill., and went back to her parents, while he migrated to Sacramento, Cal. They soon began a correspondence, and before a year was over she went to Sacramento, where they were remarried. Mrs. Hamilton was not long in getting jealous, and with good reason; but she shot her rival, and for a while the connubial sky was clear. The wounded woman disappeared, and the wife was not punished for the assault. Again Hamilton gave cause for jealousy. Mrs. Hamilton was convinced that he could not be permanently reformed. She sat down on his lap, put one arm around his neck, kissed him affectionately, drew a pistol with the disengaged hand, placed it close to his forehead, and fired, killing him instantly.

CAPT. JOHN SHEARER of North Beaver, Pa., recently purchased a ferocious bulldog, which took a great dislike to John Wallace, a young man who frequently visited the family. Wallace came to the house when no one was at home except Capt. Shearer's daughter, a girl of 16. She told Wallace that the dog had broken his chain and he must be cautious. As he was going away the bulldog entered the yard. Miss Shearer called Wallace back into the house, and told him to remain there until she chained the dog. She went to the dog, and as she was about to take hold of his chain he sprang at her and knocked her down. Her father was returning from a field at that moment and saw the attack of the dog on his daughter. Before either he or Wallace could interfere the dog had torn the girl's throat open, lacerated her bosom and torn the flesh off her limbs. Capt. Shearer shot and killed the dog. His daughter came to after being carried into the house, but soon afterward was thrown into violent convulsions and died.

THE night of the recent fire at North Turner bridge, says the Lewiston, Me. Journal, Mrs. Albert Winship aroused Mr. W., and cried: "Husband, Mr. Starbird's house is all on fire! hurry up!" He did so, dressed on the double quick, and with pails ran to the fire, and did valiant service in saving surrounding buildings. When the fire burned down he quietly went to bed. Sunday morning, he rubbed his eyes and said to his wife: "I feel dreadfully. I am lame and completely exhausted." "Well you may," said the wife, "after working so hard at the fire last night." "What do you mean?" said Mr. W. "Why, the Starbird house was burned last night, and you worked like a hero, saving the other buildings." Mr. W. looked dazed for a moment, then took his hat and looked over the premises and came back. "Well, Marcella, the buildings are surely gone, but I would never have believed even you, when you say that I went to the fire, if they were not gone. I don't know a thing about it." He had been through all the excitement in a state of somnambulism without being awakened.

## A REAL WICKED MAN.

Name, Partenheimer—Business, a Barber—Charge, Bigamy, Desertion, and Adultery.

Chicago gossips have been busily engaged for a week with what they imagined a sensational scandal, the principal of which is a second edition of Clarence E. Davis, if the story is true. Bigamy is the charge. Ten years ago Miss Sarah Dawson, a young lady moving in west side society was wooed and won by a young Bostonian named Adam Partenheimer. The marriage was a surprise, the groom being the bride's inferior socially and otherwise.

Partenheimer was a barber and scarcely twenty years of age, while his young wife was a handsome girl of eighteen. The couple moved to Massachusetts, where they remained eighteen months, and then returned to Chicago. The match appeared to be touched with the genuine kind of affection, and in due time the union was blessed with two children, whom death soon claimed.

The couple lived and loved, it is said, in happiness for ten years. During the summer Partenheimer and his wife had apartments at No. 38 Brown street, where they kept house. On the 5th of August he did not return home at the usual time, and his wife naturally began to feel anxious.

Rumors came that her husband had met another and married her, the latter object being Miss Lillie Walsh, a boarder at No. 100 West Monroe street. Mrs. Partenheimer called at that number, but they knew no one of the name of Partenheimer. The girl Walsh, who had boarded there, had married a young man named Henry O'Brien, they said, and from the fact that he had been introduced by the name of Harry Wells they thought something was wrong. Mrs. Partenheimer called the following day with a photograph of her unfaithful husband, which was immediately recognized as the newly-made husband of Lillie Walsh.

The dejected wife, No. 1, returned to her home, broke up house-keeping, and went to live with her brother, Henry Dawson, residing at 236 South Sangamon street.

Lillie Walsh had stated she was married by the Rev. Dr. Stone, of the Centenary Church, on the 5th of August. The records in the possession of the County Clerk show that this reverend gentleman, on the 5th of August married one Henry A. Kelley and Lucy P. Hogan, and that the descriptions of the contracting couple answered completely to those of Partenheimer and Miss Walsh.

Partenheimer has almost confessed his guilt, in fact has gone so far as to make a boast that he has two wives living, but those who heard it imagined it was merely the boast of a silly fool. When accused of it some time ago he acknowledged it and said that the girl had drawn him into it. Others have advised him to leave the city, but he replied to all that he had not the necessary funds to do so.

His friends are under the impression that he is partially insane. Mrs. Partenheimer No. 1 has filed a petition for a divorce on the grounds of adultery. Lillie Walsh is described as an extremely pretty girl, though slightly gay. She is an orphan. She ran away from home when quite young.

## A Fight Over Light Weights.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A case came up before one of the police courts of this city this week which caused a great deal of fun among the officials present. Two women, neighbors, met in a grocery in the morning with their babies in their arms. A dispute arose as to the weight of each, which the scales would not settle. The mother of the one which weighed the least insisted that they were out of order. Words led to blows, and both were arrested.

## A WONDERFUL DECEPTION.

A Remarkable Story of How a Married Man Successfully Personated the Unmarried Brother of a Well-Known Citizen for Months—A Bride's Discovery.

A strange case of deception and elopement has just come to light in Paterson, N. J. For some months William Kirk, a driver for Fletcher's Express, has been paying attention to a young woman named Mary Spence, living in Market street. The girl bears an excellent reputation. She has been employed in the Adams Silk Mill.

Kirk is about fifty-four years of age, is married, and has a daughter about fifteen years of age. By blackening his moustache and resorting to other deceptions he managed to present a much younger appearance. He represented to the girl that his age was thirty-five. His employer, Thomas Fletcher, a prominent citizen and a member of the Board of Education, has a brother, William, and Kirk personated this brother, and represented himself to Miss Spence all through his courtship to be William Fletcher. She never had any notion that he was deceiving her.

During the summer he took her to Manhattan Beach, Long Branch, and other places, and there was hardly a performance at the Opera House that he did not attend in company with the girl. Mr. Thomas Fletcher, his employer, noticed this, and thought somewhat strange of it, but Kirk said that the girl was a relative.

It has been discovered that Kirk collected from \$60 to \$100 during the summer, of which he never made any account. Miss Spence often asked him to introduce her to his brother Thomas, but he always declined, saying that as Thomas was a Catholic and she a Protestant, he (Thomas) would oppose the match. But he promised that Thomas should come to the wedding when they were married.

Miss Spence lived with her mother and sister. The latter made inquiries about William Fletcher, whom she all the time supposed Kirk to be, and finding that he bore the best reputation, she made no objection to the marriage. On the contrary, she assisted in the preparations for it.

The wedding was set for a week ago last Sunday. Kirk said he would have the ceremony performed by the Rev. Mr. Shaw of the Second Presbyterian Church. But he could not get Mr. Shaw, and so he engaged Mr. Craig, the pastor of the Cross Street M. E. Church. When Mr. Craig arrived at the house, Kirk merely said, "Here is the minister."

Until recently Miss Spence thought the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Shaw. They waited some time for "Brother Tom," who, Kirk said, was coming. The time of waiting was utilized by christening three children in the house. But Thomas did not come. Kirk said he guessed that something had prevented his attendance, and advised that the ceremony proceed. This was consented to, and the marriage performed.

The couple visited New York and Philadelphia on their wedding trip. While at a hotel in Philadelphia something happened that made the girl suspect that everything was not all right, and in the temporary absence of Kirk, she took the train for New York and returned home. She reached Paterson on Thursday night. She made some inquiries but could not unravel the mystery.

Finally she sent for Thomas Fletcher, and asked him what kind of a man his brother William was, as she had been married to him. Thomas Fletcher was thunderstruck, for he knew that his brother William was not married, and had not been away from home at all. She related the circumstance of the courtship, and then the whole deception became apparent. The girl learned for the first time how she had been deceived.

Kirk represented to the girl that he was a partner with his brother Thomas in the express business, and that he was well off. He also represented that he belonged to the Catholic church, but said he had renounced his faith, and consented to be married by a Protestant minister out of deference to his bride's feelings. Miss Spence was nearly heart-broken. During their courtship for months they were in the habit of going out together, and everywhere Kirk represented himself to her as William Fletcher, and yet he always managed to escape detection.

## A Representative Sporting Man.

[With Portrait.]

On another page of this issue will be found a portrait of Charles W. Stevens, of Pittsburg, Pa., one of the representative as well as one of the most popular sporting men in that State. Mr. Stevens is the proprietor of the Tivoli, and in that capacity has made hosts of friends, not alone from his genial personality but from his straightforward business methods and habitual courtesy to all with whom he comes in contact.

The Tivoli is one of the finest saloons in Pittsburg, and is recognized as the sporting headquarters of that city. All classes of sport finds in Mr. Stevens a willing and liberal patron, and his motto is "fair play" all the time. His name and fame extends all over the western part of Pennsylvania, and is sufficient at any time to conjure up words of eulogy and respect. "A good fellow and a thorough gentleman," is the popular verdict among his acquaintances and friends—and they are legion.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

M'lie Minzelli is one of the most popular danseuses in this country. She first made her appearance in New York at Niblo's Garden, during the performance of the "Black Crook." She at once danced herself into popular favor. There is grace in every motion. Personally M'lie Minzelli is as popular as she is professionally.





A COUPLE OF CONVICTS ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE BURY THEMSELVES UP TO THE NECK IN ASHES.



TWO FOND MOTHERS INDULGE IN A ROW OVER THE WEIGHT OF THEIR OFFSPRINGS, AND EVENTUALLY END UP IN THE TOMBS.—SEE PAGE 3.

#### How He Escaped From the Island.

[Subject of Illustration.] William Cochran, aged twenty-two years, was sentenced to Blackwell's Island on July 30 for six months for disorderly conduct. Two weeks ago he escaped by swimming across Hell Gate at midnight. Policeman Dalton recaptured him last week, and he was remanded in the Yorkville Police Court to await the arrival of a keeper from the island. Cochran said he was working with a gang of men near the hospital. Just before six o'clock he and another man buried themselves in an ash heap, leaving only their heads exposed. They were missed and searched for, but not found. At twelve o'clock they swam across the river to East Seventy-ninth street. Cochran was dressed in the striped prison uniform, but he walked across town to his home, 619 West Forty-seventh street, without molestation.

#### A Fair Pilot.

[Subject of Illustration.] A queer sight met the gaze of a corner loafer of Syracuse recently. A yoke of cattle was being driven by a maid of "sweet sixteen," while the "old man" lay in the bottom of the wagon overcome by too much of oh-be-joyful, and the remainder of the family were



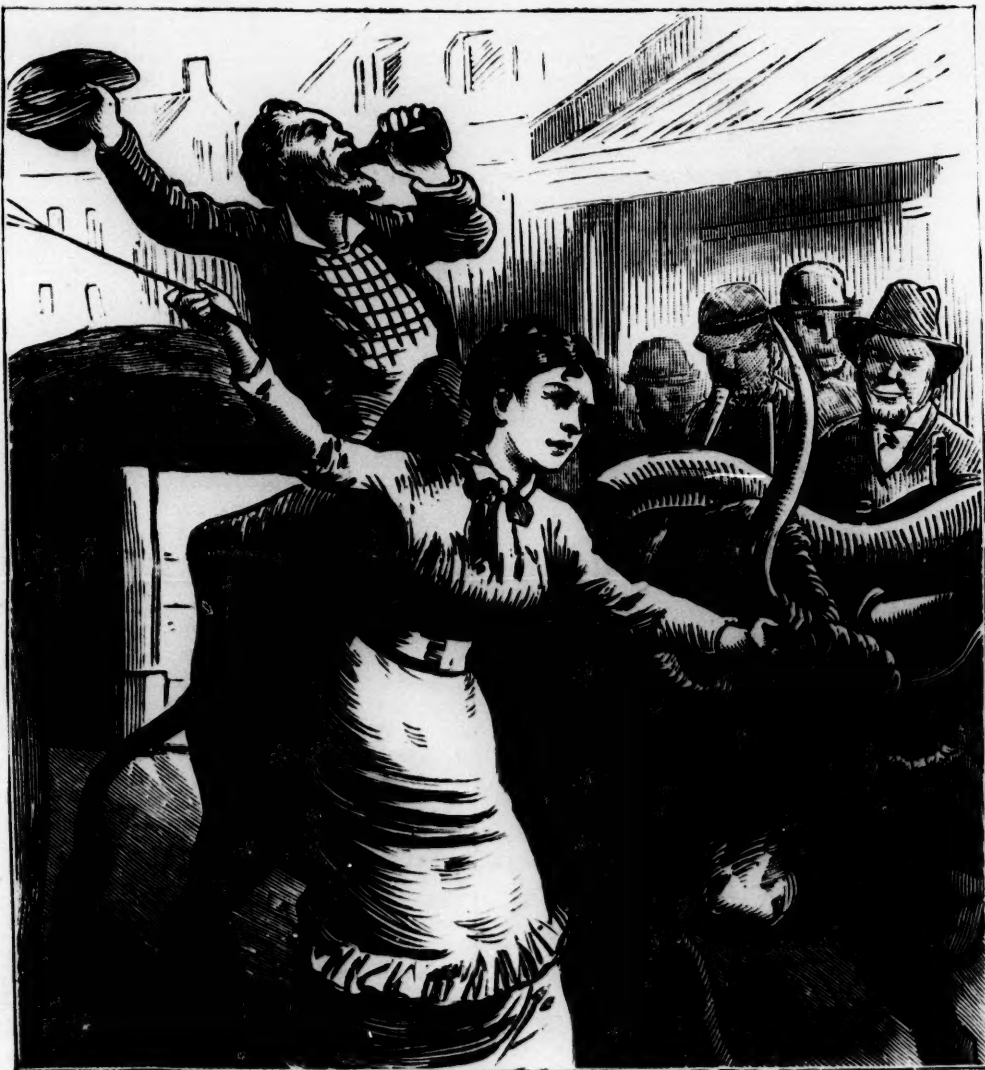
"THOSE HORRID HATS"—AN OLD COUPLE FINDING ALL VIEW OF THE PULPIT SHUT OFF BY A PAIR OF FASHIONABLE HATS, ELEVATE THEMSELVES TO THE BACK OF THE SEAT; FONDA, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 11.

kept busy holding the blanket over him.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT BABIES.

English Superstitions of New-Born Infants—The Groaning Cake—How They Start a New-Comer off on Life's Journey.

According to a Yorkshire notion, a new-born infant should be laid first in the arms of a maiden before any one touches it; and in some places the infant's right arm is left unwashed in order that he may gather riches. It is, too, considered very important by many that an infant should go up in the world before it goes down. Thus, in Cheveland, says Mr. Henderson, if a child should be born in the top story of a house, for want of a flight of stairs one of the gossips will take it in her arms and mount a table, chair or chest of drawers, before she carries it down stairs. In the North of England, when an infant for the first time goes out of the house, it is presented with an egg, some salt and a little loaf of bread, and occasionally a small piece of money—these gifts are supposed to insure that the child shall never stand in need of the common necessities of life. In the East Riding of Yorkshire a few matches are added to light the child to Heaven. It is, too,



A YOUNG LADY PILOTS HER FATHER HOME IN AN OX-CART, THE FORMER HAVING GOT "POWERFULLY REFRESHED" ON THE PROCEEDS OF A DAY'S SALE; SYRACUSE, N. Y.



A BACKWOODS COUPLE SEE THEMSELVES IN A MIRROR FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND GET THEIR BACK UP AT THE "IMPUDENCE OF THEM THAR CRITTERS"; SEDALIA, MO.—SEE PAGE 5.



in former times customary, and the practice is not yet obsolete, to provide a large cheese and cake and cut them at the birth of the child. These are called "the groaning cake and cheese" and were distributed among all the neighbors.

In Yorkshire this cake is termed the "pepper cake," and in some localities the "sickening cake. It is the source of a species of divination, for being cut into small pieces by the medical man, it is divided among the unmarried of the female sex under the name of "dreaming bread." Each one takes a piece, places it on the foot of the left stocking, and throws it over the right shoulder. This being done they must retire to bed backward, without uttering a word, and those who are lucky enough to fall asleep before midnight are favored with a sight of their future husband in their dreams.

#### AN EXASPERATED MOTHER.

##### A Young Wife and an Old Husband—A Knock-Down Scene in Court.

An unusual scene was witnessed in the Equity court-room at Washington recently, on the hearing of the habeas corpus case for the possession of the child, William Edgar Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson P. Thomas. The child was placed by its father in the care of a grown up daughter by his first wife, Mrs. S. R. Gittings. The writ was sued out for its recovery on the spur of a family quarrel. Before a final hearing was had, Mrs. Thomas, who is a young and pretty woman, took the child by force, and a rule for contempt of court was issued against her. She was in court with the child, as was her elderly husband. He, through his counsel, relinquished the effort, being content to let the child remain where he had placed it.

On this, Judge Cox directed the dismissal of the writ and the delivery of the child to Mrs. Gittings.

Mrs. Thomas appeared greatly surprised and incensed at this action of her husband, and tried to take up the case in his stead, but this could not be allowed. The next thing was the transfer of the child, which Mrs. Thomas held a tight, but apparently not very willing captive. Mr. W. A. Malloy the court-crier and a deputy United States marshal, was directed to carry out the mandate of the judge. Mrs. Thomas resisted this, and a fierce struggle ensued between the mother and Mr. Malloy for its possession. The former, being a very gallant man, would probably have been worsted had not Deputy Cass come to his assistance. Between them they managed to separate the two, much to the joy of the child, who ran to Mrs. Gittings, whom it embraced affectionately. Mrs. Thomas then transferred her attention to her spouse, whom she floored by a blow on the head. The latter sued out a petition for a habeas corpus in her own name, on which a writ, returnable Saturday next, was granted.

#### NEVER SAW A MIRROR.

##### An Apparition Which Stirred Up the Fight in an Old Couple.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An old couple from the backwoods of Missouri recently came into the city of Sedalia on a shopping tour. Both the man and the woman were dressed in the don't-care-a-cuss style. She wore a sun-bonnet, a calico dress made in the most ancient style, and a curious, prying look spread over her face. He was dressed as if in burlesque of Uncle Sam, the "typical Yankee." In wandering about they entered a shoe store, kept by a Mr. Van Wagner. Mr. Van Wagner with his usual courtesy asked the woman to sit down on the sofa, which she did. It happened that the sofa was just opposite a large mirror set in the wall. The old lady sat a moment in front of the mirror and then took off her sun-bonnet. Glancing at the mirror as she did so she saw another woman do the same. She said, "How do you do?" No response. "It's a nice afternoon," she continued. No reply. She began getting restless, arose and walked back to the other side of the store. The other woman appeared to rise at the same time and walk away disgusted.

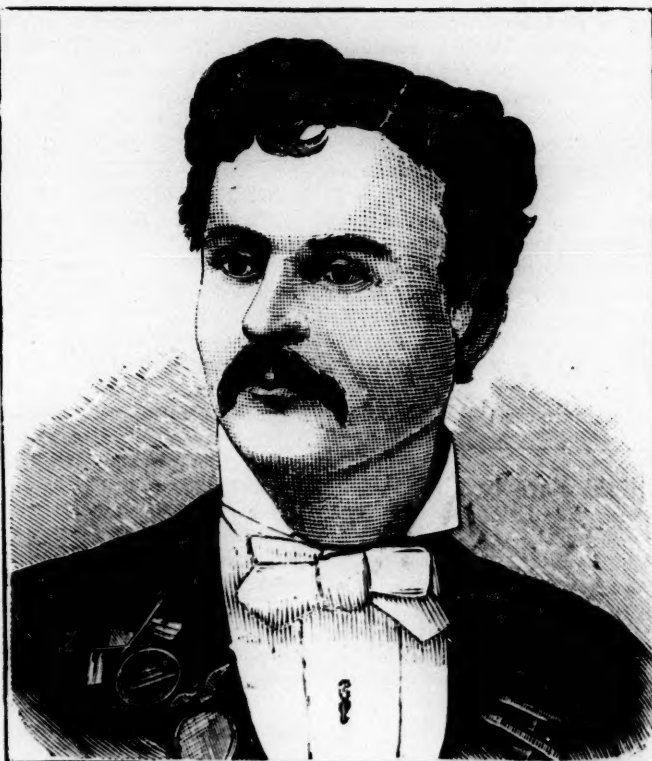
She jerked on her sun-bonnet and marched boldly up toward the mirror as if intending to go right through. The other woman did the same thing. When about three feet from the glass she stopped, turned aside and a most intense look of disgust and mystification crawled cut on her face. Then she set up a yell, "Thomas! Thomas! come here." Her husband hopped to her side with an

alacrity which showed that she wore the family pants. She began gesticulating wildly, and said: "Thomas, there is a woman through that window in the next store who has been insultin' me, an' I'm goin' in to see her!"

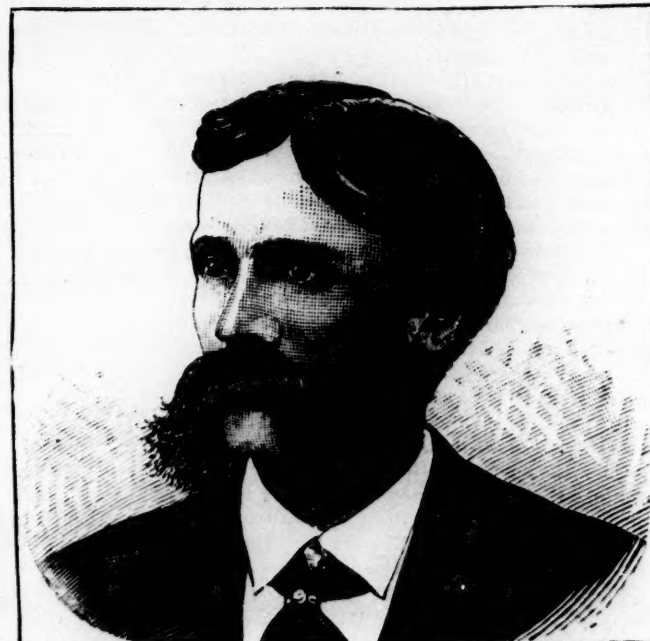
The excited Thomas inquired: "What did she say to you?"



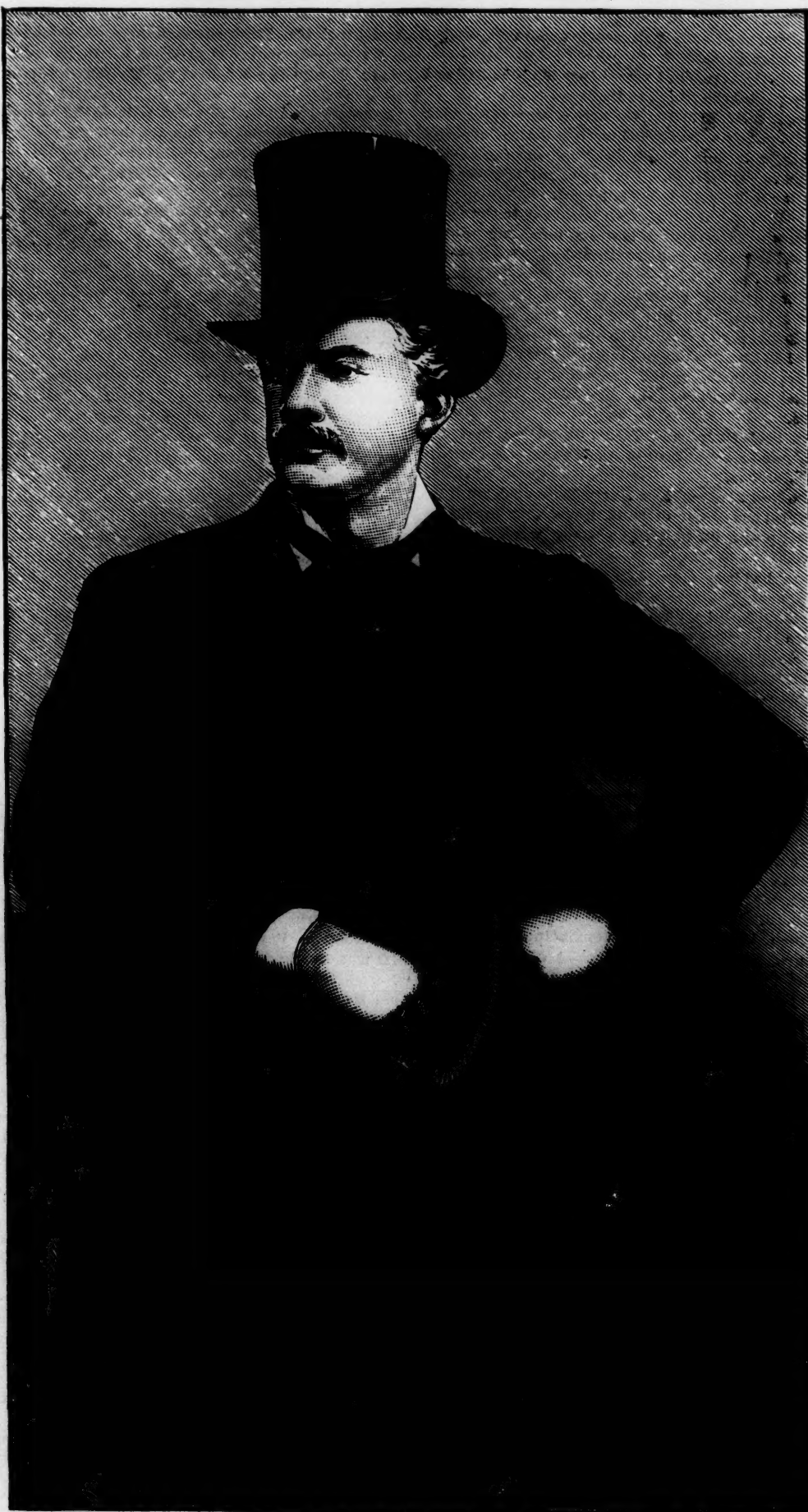
MISS MARY RICE, ACCUSED OF HAVING TOO MUCH POLITICAL ZEAL, AND CUTTING DOWN POLITICAL BANNERS; LAGRANGE, IND.



HARRY MAYNARD, CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF THE PACIFIC COAST; FOR RECORD SEE "WORLD OF SPORT."



JOHN A. WOODWARD, CASHIER OF THE BOSTON TREASURY, AND ALLEGED DEFAULTER TO THE AMOUNT OF \$82,000.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

CHAS. W. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR OF THE TIVOLI THEATRE, PITTSBURG, PA., AND ONE OF THE LEADING SPORTING MEN OF THE STATE.

"The dirty huzzy didn't say anything," continued the female aborigine, "but she has been makin' motions at me. Oh! I won't stand it!"

And she unlimbered her tongue and limbs simultaneously, and started out of the door, closely followed by her now infuriated husband, with clenched fists, fire in his eye and doubtless just the smallest mite of fear inside his shirt lest the other woman was a bigger and stronger woman than his wife. Following them were a number of on-lookers who had watched the turn of affairs and were convulsed with merriment.

All hands rushed into the next store, the woman leading the way and dashing behind counters and boxes; but the object of her search was not to be found, and she exclaimed, "She's gone!"

A clerk asked her if there was anything he could do for her.

"I don't want anything, sir," she snapped out, and the eccentric couple rushed out in the street again, looking into the adjoining stores and up and down the street in vain. They failed to find the obnoxious female, when they returned to the store and completed their purchase.

Neither one of them had ever seen a looking glass! Who would have believed that we had personified ignorance in as big hunks and as aged as that in the state of Missouri?

#### A MADMAN'S RIDE.

##### A Terrible Feat Which Meant Sure Death to a Man Who Had a Level Head.

Depotmaster Thomas Boone of Reading, Pa., relates the details of a most dangerous ride of a madman on the Reading Railroad. In Port Clinton, while the inspector was tapping the wheels of the forward car of a passenger train, he observed the figure of a man extended on the front truck. He was of medium stature, apparently well dressed but lacking a hat. His hair stood on end from the force of the wind, caused by the rapid journey in the open air. His face and head—in fact his entire person—were coated with coal dust.

On being informed that he could not travel on the train any longer without a ticket, he rushed into the depot and bought one to Pottsville. Shortly after the train had started the conductor found the tramp standing on the rear platform.

"You must get on the inside," the conductor said. "It is dangerous to ride on the platform." The mad man stared at the conductor and said:

"No, sir, I don't want to get in. I won't get in. If you touch me I'll jump off."

The train was going at a high rate of speed. The conductor succeeded in getting the man inside the car, however, but a few moments later he jumped for the door, reached the platform, descended the steps, and acted as if he intended to jump into eternity. The passengers were alarmed. The madman leaned over from the car step, and catching hold of the iron bars of the nearest window, swung himself out into space.

Leaving the tramp swinging in a manner to make those who saw him turn away their heads, the conductor hastened inside the car and pulled the bell rope. He had no sooner done this than the tramp made a spring to the next window. He swung himself from window to window until he reached the middle of the car, peering into each window as he passed, and yelling at the top of his voice, "I'll beat you into Pottsville, yet."

The passengers were terrified. Just as Landingville appeared in sight the tramp appeared, running up the hill at full speed, still shouting pet names to the conductor and "I'll beat you Pottsville yet." The man is supposed to have run to the hills. As yet he is not known.

#### Imitating the Small Boy.

(Subject of Illustration.)

They have some enterprising old women in Kentucky. The other day an old lady of that state, although ninety-nine years of age, not only walked five miles to a circus, but endeavored to save fifty cents by attempting to crawl under the canvas. She had succeeded in getting most of her body inside, when the clowns, who were on their way to ring from the dressing-tent, discovered her, and these funny fellows, with a twinkle in their eyes, frustrated her purpose by hauling her out by one of her continuations. The old lady declares she will never make another such an attempt if she lives to be a hundred.



## "THE" ALLEN.

His Reminiscences of Bill Poole's Funeral.

### A GRAND PAGEANT

And How All New York Turned Out to Witness It.

### BILL HARRINGTON'S TRIBUTE

To His Dead Foe--The Battle of Canal Street.

### THE ORIGINAL HOUNDS IN TROUBLE

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The funeral of the American champion was one of the grandest pageants which ever took place here.

The tidings of Poole's death spread like wildfire, and the excitement of the past two weeks reached fever heat almost before his body was cold.

The sad event formed the topic of conversation in every bar-room and by every fire-side, and many a man passed a sleepless night, thanks to it.

There was no abatement to the popular turmoil next day, nor the next, and when the murdered champion's funeral was announced to take place on the approaching Sunday, the excitement was only increased. When the eventful day arrived it is safe to say all New York was out of doors.

Probably every man, woman and child capable of coming abroad at all was on hand to witness what was destined to be the most famous funeral this city ever saw.

The sidewalks and streets along the route of the funeral procession were jammed, and at every window and on every housetop the spectators clustered in dense swarms.

The very trees, awnings and projecting signs were seized on as points of vantage, and the air was vocal with the great roar of the multitude even when it was drawing breath.

The vicinity of Poole's house in particular was beset by a crowd which filled Christopher and overflowed into the side streets, rendering it almost impossible to pass through them.

Opposite the dead man's residence was a carpenter shop owned by a man named Onderdonk.

It was a sturdy old two-story frame structure, with a staircase on the outside giving access to the upper floor.

Up this staircase the spectators poured till they literally packed the roof with one solid mass of human beings.

Such as could then took their places on the steps.

The structure began to creak ominously under the unsupportable burden, and a miniature panic broke out among the people who encumbered it.

In the struggle that ensued the roof and staircase gave way, and the men and timbers fell together in one common wreck.

Four people were killed and from 20 to 30 injured, and to add to the excitement the fire bells were rung and several companies called to the scene of the casualty.

It was amid the turmoil thus created that the funeral procession commenced to form.

A detail of several hundred of the old police force headed the cortege to clear the way.

The van of the procession was led by the Poole Association, 2,000 strong, with Captain Jim Turner as Grand Marshal.

Then came deputations of the Order of United Americans from various cities, forming a body twice as great.

The famous Shiffler Hose of Philadelphia followed, with about 1,000 members, and after them came various fire companies, local and visiting.

These were headed by Engine No. 34, of which Poole had been a member and of which Dave Broderick had been a foreman.

The engine was called the Red Rover, and from it the Greenwich villagers, most of whom were members of the company, had gained the generic name of "Red Rovers."

Deputations of the volunteer fire companies of various cities had traveled hundreds of miles to do the occasion honor, Mash Market Hose of Baltimore coming from that place and Boston being also well represented.

The fire companies were succeeded by upwards of a thousand citizens and friends of the murdered man in carriages, and the hearse was guarded by the two volunteer companies named in his honor, the "Poole Guards," and the "Poole Light Guards," with Captain The. Allen in command of the latter and Captain Jim Bannon of the former.

The route lay up Christopher to Bleecker street and through Bleecker to Broadway, and every foot of the way had to be cleared through a multitude which filled the air with a noise like the perpetual roar of breakers beating on some iron-bound coast.

The advance of the hearse in particular, in which the champion, enclosed in a splendid casket reposed under the stars and stripes he had loved with his last breath, was signaled by a thunder of mournful exclamations like the grieving of an army of veterans over a leader who had fallen in battle.

Wheeling into Broadway the cortege slowly made its way down town.

At Grand street and Broadway a body of upwards of 500 men, in the familiar attire of working butchers, knelt with their heads uncovered, as the procession passed.

When the hearse had passed they fell in behind and accompanied the march to the ferry.

It was Bill Harrington, the hero of some of the most savage contests Poole had ever taken the opposite side in, and whom Poole himself had once defeated in a famous struggle, who had organized this demonstration to do honor to his fallen foe.

The line of march led down Broadway to the south ferry, where the funeral and its immediate escort crossed to Brooklyn and continued on to Greenwood Cemetery.

There, with the accompaniment of the most imposing ceremonies, Bill Poole was committed to the last long rest which comes to busy and adventurous lives like his as to those of less troubled men.

After the ceremony the procession broke up into parties and returned to New York by various roads.

The Poole Guard and Light Guard marched together and reached Broadway and Canal street late in the afternoon.

The New York and New Haven Railroad depot then occupied one corner of Canal street and Broadway and opposite its building a house was being torn down.

Work had been stopped on it in consequence of the parade.

Behind the brick piles and timber barricades that lined the gutter a strong party of the friends of John Morrissey had ambuscaded themselves.

They consisted of the members of 36 Engine, known as the "Original Hounds," and a gang of "Buttenders" and "Shortboys," led by Larry Aiken and Dan Linn.

As the Poole volunteers came within range a volley of bricks and stones darkened the air.

Another and another followed.

The attack was so sudden and unforeseen that the spectators who were gathered in the street watching the parade, had no time to get out of the way and a German woman on the other side of the street was killed, while a number of men and women were wounded.

Five of the Poole Guard were included in the latter list.

They were not long in recovering their order, and Canal street then became the scene of a pitched battle.

The howls of the ruffians and the cheers and shouts of the Volunteers, made a ringing chorus, through which was heard the sharp crack of the pistol, the crash of stones smashing windows and doors in and the shrill screams of the wounded.

The fight continued for an hour when, the assailants having used up pretty much all of their barricades for missiles were left without cover and the Poole Guards and Life Guards charged them with the bayonet.

This was a conclusive movement.

The Morrisseys had no stomach for cold steel, and they scattered just as the Seventh Regiment, which had its armory in National Hall over the depot, and which had been called out to suppress the riot appeared upon the scene.

The assailing party had a number of its members disabled and two, Gray and Lanigan, of the Hounds, was killed.

The Poole Guards marched to the village in good order, bearing their wounded with them.

That night the Hounds were gathered around the stove in their engine house discussing the events of the day, when a menacing murmur in the street fell upon their ears.

In a moment more there was a crash which split one of the great stout doors in half, and a ponderous shock which shook the building to its very foundations.

Another and another followed 'till the doors fell in.

Then, dropping the beam they had used as a battering ram, the besiegers poured in upon their demoralized foes.

The assailants were a party of the Poole Guards and Life Guards which had come down town bent on vengeance.

Separated in four different detachments to prevent the suspicion which would have been roused by the passage of such a large party as their combined one through the streets they came together undiscovered at the portal of their enemies' stronghold, which they lost no time in storming.

When they got through there was nothing left of the engine house but four blackened and smoking walls.

The building had been completely gutted, and either from the upsetting of the stove, the smashing of the lamps, or some assistance from an extraneous source, the ruins caught fire. The Hounds had to take to their heels to keep the ward from being treated to a wholesale assortment of roast dog, and the villagers adjourned up-town to celebrate their victory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### "Footlight Favorites."

Appreciating the interest which all feel in the stage, Richard K. Fox, of 183 William street, has issued a work entitled "Footlight Favorites," containing portraits of representative artists of Europe and America whose career have added lustre to the drama. This work has been compiled by a well-known journalist, and the selection of portraits which it contains have been made with a view to suit all tastes. Among the most notable of the collection are Adelaide Neilson in her character of "Juliet," Sara Bernhardt as "Hernani," Mlle. Bonfanti and others, all famous in their special lines. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 33 cents.—[New York Daily News.]

### RUIN AND DEATH.

#### A Daughter Dishonored and a Father Killed—Details of a Shocking Domestic Tragedy—Escape of the Murderer.

Milton Picket, aged fifty-three, living in Carroll county, Md., was shot on Tuesday morning last by Luther Picket, of the same neighborhood, and died on Thursday night. The verdict of the jury was as follows:—

Milton Picket came to his death on the evening of October 14, from a ball fired from a revolver held in the hands of Luther Picket, on the morning of October 12.

#### DETAILS OF THE TRAGEDY.

About four years ago Milton Picket, with his wife, Martha E., his daughter, about seventeen years of age, and a young son, moved to the place. A short time after this Luther Picket, second cousin to the girl Martha, moved into the neighborhood and took charge of a farm belonging to his widowed mother. He soon commenced paying attention to Martha, which continued for several years, and eventually an engagement of marriage was made between them. This was the beginning of the trouble. Under the promise of marriage he accomplished his cousin's ruin. Her condition became known, and she, with her parents, was anxious for the marriage to take place; but young Picket, offering pretext after pretext as a ground of delay, succeeded in postponing the marriage.

About two weeks before her confinement he called to see her and again renewed his promise to marry her at once. He then left her and Martha never saw him again until the day of the shooting. A child was born on the 12th day of April last. During that interval the father and daughter repeatedly sent word to young Picket to return and fulfil his promise, to which he paid no attention.

At last the girl, frenzied with her grief, determined to force matters. On last Tuesday morning, accompanied by her father, she went to a field where Luther was and met him close to the fence. The girl had a five-barrelled Smith & Wesson revolver and her father had in his pocket an old revolver which had not been discharged for nearly a year. As they met the father said:—

"Luther, we have come down to see if you will go with us to the house. Will you go?" His reply was, "No, I won't!" and at once the shooting commenced. After Martha's revolver had been emptied of its contents, fired in all directions, she turned to her father, who had not taken his pistol from his pocket, but who was beating a hasty retreat. During this time Picket was firing at the retreating man, and as he was scaling the fence the fatal bullet struck him in the back, about three inches to the right of the spinal column, passing through the abdomen and lodging near the surface about two and a half inches above the umbilicus. The unfortunate man was conveyed to his home and medical aid summoned. Dr. Aldridge found the ball and removed it, but his skill was of no avail. When the doctor told him he could not live he said: "Well, Luther shot me. I went with my girl to protect her, but was shot." He said further that he never fired at all, and that Luther had fired the first shot.

The testimony seems to have established the fact that the shooting was over before the victim reached the fence. This is the girl's story. The general impression among those assembled seemed to be that young Picket, who had escaped, would not return.

When your correspondent entered the room where the dead man lay the sight was enough to sicken the stoutest heart. Everything betokened poverty and confusion. The room was small, ceiling low, the bed all tumbled in a heap and the ghastly remains of the murdered man stretched out on a rude table, with no clothing but a pair of blue cotton stockings and a bloody shirt covering his disfigured body, and hiding the evidence of the post-mortem.

Miss Picket is a pleasant-faced girl, with reddish hair, light complexion, regular features and a bright, expressive eye and with intelligence above her station. She is small and delicate looking, but always on the alert, so as not to commit herself. When asked whether she only intended to scare or shoot young Picket, she promptly replied, "That's my business."

All, however, agree that if she could not succeed in gaining his consent to a speedy marriage it was her intention to shoot him. The mother of the girl remarked, "If the men will not protect the women they must protect themselves."

#### CLOSED HER CAREER.

#### Mad. Rachel, the "Enameler," and Her Mode of Rendering Ladies Forever Beautiful.

A report comes by cable of the death in prison at London of the celebrated Mad. Rachel, the so-called female beautifier or enameler.

Mad. Rachel, whose real name was Levi, or Levison, used to carry on business as a perfumer in the neighborhood of Burlington Gardens. She advertised a peculiar treatment warranted to make the patient beautiful forever, and a large number of ladies whose personal attractions were fading availed themselves of her skill. Her process was to give one or two washes to her patient, which brought out frightful eruptions on the skin, then to decline to proceed further until a bargain was made and the money paid, terrifying her patient at the same time by assuring her that if the process ceased at the particular stage to which it had been carried, she would be not beautiful but hideous for the remainder of her existence. Against one of them, the wife of an admiral in the navy, Rachel brought an action for breach of contract, claiming £1,000 as the price of "restoration." The jury, however, gave a verdict against her, and her success in this law-suit probably was the cause of the famous trial at the Old Bailey in 1868, when Mad. Rachel appeared in the dock at the suit of Mrs. Borrodalle, one of her dupes, on a charge of obtaining

money under false pretenses. Mrs. Borrodalle was evidently a woman of weak intellect and undoubtedly of advanced years, but on the strength of a promise from Mad. Rachel that the comeliness of youth should be restored to her and that she should marry Lord Ranelagh, she parted with over £3,000 to the impostor. A servant represented Lord Ranelagh at several interviews and the lady was delighted, but her supplies of money gave out and Mad. Rachel had the hardihood to have her arrested for a breach of contract. This led to a revelation of the proceedings, and after a short trial Mad. Rachel was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. She could not have been liberated more than a few months when she had won back many of her old customers, and for many years continued driving a profitable trade. On February 23, 1878, she was again committed for trial on the charge of obtaining £200 by false pretenses from Mrs. C. Pearce, who had been induced to leave all her jewels in the impostor's hands in consideration of being rendered forever beautiful. Mrs. Pearce was a married woman about twenty-four years old, and a daughter of the celebrated tenor, Mario, and the wife of a stockbroker. She was put through a course of washes, lotions and baths represented by Rachel to be enormously expensive, immediately after which the usual rash broke out on her face and completely disfigured her. In this condition Rachel demanded more money, and threatened that if it was not forthcoming that she would discontinue the treatment, and thus the patient would be hideous for life. Terrified at these threats, Mrs. Pearce confessed all to her husband. Rachel was brought to trial, found guilty and condemned to penal servitude for five years, which she had not yet served out when she was overtaken by death.

#### TORN TIGHTS.

#### A Job Many a Gallus Tailor Would Willingly Pay for Doing.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A stitch in time saves from nine to nine hundred or so, and whenever a ballet girl finds her tights commencing to leak she repairs them at once. If she has them on she calls in the offices of a friend. To go on in a pair of torn tights would be a dangerous experiment, for the slightest movement might transform an infinitesimal split into a shockingly disastrous break. The consequence is that scenes such as we depict are an every night occurrence about a theatre. Mrs. Ballet has just come from her dressing room, and a splinter in the rough staircase balustrade had wrought havoc with the silken network that clothes her shapely nether limbs. There is no longer time to return to the dressing room, to submit to the slow manipulations of a clumsy maid. Fortunately, however, there are always some housewifely girls about the theatre who are never without their needle and thread, and she spies one.

Then the tableau we depict ensues. It is a part of the routine life of the stage, and no one finds anything remarkable in it. But the public, to whom the arcana of the drama is a charming but sealed book, will doubtless find this page torn from the mystic volume, one of as much interest as our artist did who in his stroll among the mazes of the coulisse chanced upon the picture and transferred it to his sketch-book.

#### QUEER SIGHTS

#### Which May be the Result of Imagination or Whisky—Appearance of a Ghost.

The immediate neighborhood of St. Peter's Church, Third and Pine streets, says the Philadelphia Item, has been in a state of intense excitement, owing to the alleged appearance of a ghost. Late one night, while some persons were passing the graveyard, they were startled by seeing a white apparition standing at the head of a newly-made grave. They communicated the fact to others, and the news soon spread in all directions. About 10 o'clock the next evening a woman renewed the excitement. She held up her hands and shouted, "I have seen the ghost!" She pointed in the direction of a newly-made grave. A shiver seemed to go through the crowd as all eyes followed the woman's finger, and murmurings of "Yes; see, there it is!" "Look, look! It is moving about!" Some one saying, "It is coming this way!" caused the crowd to fall back, and in the confusion that ensued the ghost disappeared. A young woman named Ellen Moore was positive she saw the ghost. It was dressed in white. The earth opened on both sides, as it pushed away by an invisible power, and the ghost gradually came up. She was positive that it raised its left arm, and pointed in the direction of the church building. It was surrounded by a radiance that dazzled her so much that she had to shut her eyes, and when she opened them the ghost had disappeared. Policeman Rice states that he believed the ghost business to have been caused as follows: A child having suddenly died of small pox, was immediately buried, and, in order to confine the disease to the spot, the grave was partially filled with phosphorus. A large glass cover containing a cross of artificial flowers had been placed on the grave. The phosphorus coming to the surface had caused the brilliant light, while the glass case seemed in the luminous glitter to indicate the rising of a person from the grave.

#### A Young Lady's Invention.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A certain young lady, who had spent the summer at the seashore, deserves great credit for her presence of mind in an hour of danger. She was out in a small yacht, the sails of which were suddenly carried away by a strong gust of wind, when what did the heroic maiden do but divest herself of her fashionable dress, and with the aid of her companion, turned it into a rigging, which, being hoisted, bore the party safely to land. A severe cold on the part of the heroine was the only disastrous result of this episode.



## A MOCK MARRIAGE

Which Caused a Young Lady to Tanner-ize Herself to a Land Where Square Meals Are Unknown.

## A STRANGE DETERMINATION

Dying by Inches, and Fighting Those Who Attempted to Foster Life.

## ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

Eighteen months ago Mabel Stokes was the respected daughter of a wealthy business man of Reading Pa. Of prepossessing appearance, and cultured in mind and manners, the young lady was the center of attraction at all the local gatherings of the youth and beauty of her native city. She was much sought after by her companions of both sexes, who took great pleasure in her society, and who were so devoted to her that the fact became apparent to all the country round, and many was the time that the young lady's presence graced the rural entertainments of the time. In appearance Miss Mabel was of medium height and inclined to slightness in her figure. Her beautiful light brown hair she generally wore in tresses which hung down over her gently sloping neck and shoulders. She was also possessed of a pair of wonderfully blue eyes, which beamed very kindly on a certain young man of the city of Reading, and it soon became noised abroad that they were engaged to be married, and the ceremony fixed for a certain day. Whether this was true or not matters little. At all events the rumor reached the ears of the stern father, who summoned his daughter before him and without asking her any questions bade her take her clothing and leave his house. In vain did the daughter plead to be allowed to explain her position. It was useless. The parent had made up his mind beforehand concerning his daughter's alliance, and would hear nothing with regard to it. The man was not of his choice, and he therefore considered that he had no right in his house.

Miss Mabel, finding herself thus cruelly debarred from the happy home she had ever known, did what almost any other woman would have done under similar circumstances. She flew to her lover, told him all, and begged him to take her somewhere, anywhere.

It so happened, as these things will occasionally, that the lover was a very mercenary man, whose reputation was never unspotted. He had calculated on winning the beautiful girl for his wife and her father's money at the same time. The sudden turn of affairs did not all discompose the designing villain. He pressed the fair girl to his heart, promised eternal love and protection, and ended by proposing that they take the next train for Philadelphia, where they would be married. The unsuspecting girl readily and gladly agreed to this, and gathering up her jewels and articles of clothing prepared to leave. At the train a messenger met her with an envelope containing a thousand dollar bill, which was sent by the father. On arriving at Philadelphia the couple went to a hotel rather than face their friends, who knew nothing of the affair; and the lover, under pretense of going for a clergyman and witnesses, found it an easy matter to obtain the services of a villain and his friend to perform a mock marriage.

After remaining a day in Philadelphia, the couple went to New York on a visit, thence back to Washington, and finally to Chicago. The money given by the father had been used to pay for this trip, and before a great while was completely exhausted. Then began the trouble. The young man had no profession or trade, and found himself utterly unable to provide himself and his supposed wife with means to live.

His first recourse was upon her jewels, and these had been left her by her dead mother, and she refused to give them up. The husband then took to drinking and would often come home in a beastly condition, when he would fail to abusing the now thoroughly wretched woman, who believed herself his lawful wife.

One night he came to her and in a burst of fury told her that their marriage had been of no legality and announced his intention of quitting her. For the first time in her life the fair one began to realize the misery of existence, and her faithless lover having deserted her, she would have committed suicide had not some ladies in the house taken care of her until her reason could be allowed to return.

The blow made a different being of the fair Mabel. From a gentle girl she became a tiger in fierceness. The sweet disposition was turned into the most desperate of minds. Within a very short time she had made up her mind what to do. She reasoned that life was not now worth living for, and with the usual aptitude of women in such a frame of mind, she went down to the very depths of shame and degradation. After a time she recovered her senses to some extent and withdrew from this life and left Chicago.

About a year ago the now friendless Mabel came to Denver and began boarding at a first-class hotel on Larimer street, and rooming in the Broadwell Block, not far distant. She was very quiet and unassuming in her manner, wore black constantly and was to all intents and purposes quietly attending to her own affairs without regard to any one. At the hotel table she was always very much remarked, and was missed

by the habitués of the place only when she was taken down sick with a combination of disorders.

This was about the first of September. The physician attending brought her out of the sick bed in less than two weeks; but while convalescing sank into illness again with typhoid fever. This was an unexpected calamity, and it was thought best to remove the girl to some hospital where she could receive proper attention.

After looking about, arrangements were made for her care at the Ladies' Relief Home, whither she was then taken. Upon arriving at this haven, the fever seemed to disappear, in a very few days, the doctor said that weakness was the only remaining impediment to good health, and recommended the good matron to provide such food as her judgment seemed proper and fitting. But here a new phase of the difficulty presented itself. The woman had taken out her false teeth and utterly refused to eat anything.

She meant to starve to death, she announced, and maintained it, too. At first the doctor and matron prevailed on her to change her rash determination, and succeeded in getting her to eat a morsel semi-occasionally, but finally she absolutely declined to receive food of any kind. She said openly that she did not want to live any longer and was determined not to eat. Then the doctor recommended the matron to force the food down her throat, in order to preserve her life. He saw from her weakness that it would not take much to end her life and urged coercive measures. The more urgent he was, however, the more obstinate became the patient. Finally, when all other measures failed, the matron resorted to having the woman held while food was forced into her mouth.

But this plan did not work at all. Even in her weakness Mabel found strength to bite and scratch the persons holding her to such an extent that they were glad to be rid of the job. Mrs. Morris, the matron, has not recovered from the injuries yet. Then a new plan was hit upon. Whenever the woman would open her mouth to bite, the doctor would put in a spoonful of fluid food, generally of a stimulating character; but even then a very small portion only found its way to the stomach. At last these efforts were abandoned for the most part, though occasionally the matron would endeavor to get the unfortunate woman to take some food. At length the starvation process threw the woman into a semi-comatose condition. She appeared to be unconscious of all surroundings, and would roll about on the floor, being quite troubled apparently when put back on her couch. On Monday night she drank a whole tumbler full of punch given her by the matron, without making any objection to it; but her stomach was not in a condition after so long a fast to retain the load and she threw it up. At noon on Wednesday she died very quietly and without apparent pain. The life had been growing weaker and weaker within the frame of clay, until it went out, slowly, but surely at the end. On Thursday afternoon, all that remained mortal of the unfortunate woman was followed silently to the cemetery by a large number of her sisters in sin, and the body was consigned to the earth from which it sprang.

## A SINGER'S RUSE.

How She Obtained Money to Pay the Expenses of Her Musical Education.

But here comes one of my favorites. Isn't she fine looking? No? Well, listen while I tell you her story, and learn why I like her looks. Some years ago, a man who had more money than good reputation, advertised that he would give \$5,000 to any respectable white woman who would walk unveiled from the Adams House entrance down Washington street with him, at an hour when all the fashionables were promenading. For weeks that offer remained untaken, for his reputation was such that no respectable woman would be seen with him, and the advertisement had said "none others need apply." Finally, this woman who has just passed us agreed to his terms and to join him at the appointed time and place. When the hour came Mr. — was on hand. Soon a carriage drove up with a lady. It had been noised abroad that the offer had been taken up, and quite a crowd had gathered to see him pay his \$5,000. He helped her alight, offered her his arm, walked a few steps with her, when she removed her veil at his request and revealed to his gaze a face as black as night. "You have deceived me," he said; "this is not fair." "I am not a darky," she replied, and to prove it she pulled off her gloves and showed a pair of hands as white as yours are this minute. The man turned toward the carriage, paid her the \$5,000, and she drove off, leaving him to the laughter and hoots of the amused crowd of spectators. It turned out afterward that the girl was very poor, and that she had a magnificent voice she could not cultivate for want of money, and this is the way she overcame that obstacle. She went to Europe and studied five years, and has returned one of our most brilliant singers.—[San Francisco Bulletin Boston Letter.

## Altogether Too Sweet.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A novel way of catching a swarm of bees was unintentionally tried at Decatur, Mich., a few days ago. Harry Shoulters ran to the bees with a green bough in his hand. The queen bee poised herself over it, and then alighted on Harry's hat, and in a twinkling the whole swarm gathered about his head and completely covered him over. So closely were they knitted together that Shoulters could scarcely breathe. A box was procured, and Shoulters' head was poked into it, and gradually the bees worked off and were safely bived.

John A. Perry, of Barrington, R. I., formerly a Baptist minister and chaplain in a Rhode Island regiment, has been arrested on a charge of burning property of his for the sake of obtaining excessive insurance.

## A THOROUGHbred FRAUD.

A Woman Who Has Spent Her Life in Swindling Operations—A Strange Origin and a Stranger Career.

The famous "Ladies' Bank" of Boston, described in a recent number of the POLICE GAZETTE, has at last "busted." Eight per cent. a month proved too strong for the concern. The president, Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, turns out to be one of the most skillful adventuresses of her time. She was born in Providence, R. I., nearly sixty years ago. According to the statements of persons who have been intimately acquainted with her and with her family, her mother, Nancy Burr, was the daughter of John Burr, a wealthy Rhode Islander, and one well known in Providence as an auctioneer. Her father, who was never married to the then young Burr woman, was a Deputy Sheriff Case, of Swansea. Dr. Burr, Miss Burr and her paramour, Deputy Chase, are now all deceased. When the child Sarah was born she was taken into the family of Mr. Burr and there raised as his grandchild; but the old man was so incensed at the manner in which his daughter Nancy had been seduced by Chase that he would never consent to a marriage between the lovers.

As Sarah grew up she developed very fast, and was what might be termed a precocious child. At the age of fifteen years she ran away from home and went to the little village of Seekonk, Mass., with the man known as Dr. Solomon, and there the pair went through the form of a clandestine marriage, the ceremony being performed by Childs Luther, an elder of the Baptist church that was in Rehoboth. The elder had come down especially to perform the ceremony.

Just as soon as the girl had grown old enough to display the true inwardness of her character and exhibit her tastes and propensities, she became a source of unmeasured trouble and sorrow to her mother, Nancy Burr, and the latter often said to the wayward girl: "Sarah, you will drive me mad if you continue your wild, reckless life."

But the heartless girl could not bring her passions under control, and her scandalous conduct continued in spite of the mother's admonitions, and it was only a short time after her marriage with Dr. Solomon, the Indian physician, that her mother was taken to Butler's Lunatic Asylum in Providence, where she was pronounced hopelessly insane. The unfortunate woman finally died raving over the heartlessness of her daughter.

Sarah lived with her dark-skinned Othello nearly thirteen years, and had by him four children—Cornelia Ann, Sarah, John and William. The first child died very young. The other daughter grew up to be a woman of thirty-seven years and died. The boys turned out to be as expert and accomplished in devilry as was their mother. After thirteen years of life with Dr. Solomon she left him for something more congenial. During his domestic experience with her it is said that she gave the doctor many an hour of anguish, and her escapades cost him many thousand dollars.

One of the boldest exploits with which she is credited was as follows:

After leaving the doctor she engaged herself as a cashier or clerk to a young grocer and provision dealer, doing business on High street in the city of Providence. The young merchant and Mrs. Solomon, though she did not call herself probably Mrs. Solomon, soon knew each other so well that the former felt confident that he could take the general clerk into his trust, and forthwith proceeded to make out a bill of sale of the store and all the business, and turned the same over to the woman—of course only for safe keeping, to secure it from his creditors. He did not mean to make any actual transfer, but simply had employed this dishonest method of securing himself against creditors. Scarcely had a fortnight elapsed from the moment she got control of the property and the goods she sold out everything under the hammer—as well as under her benefactor's nose—and departed. The young merchant could not interfere without compromising himself seriously, and it is represented that he had to accept his defeat as gracefully as he could under the circumstances. This occurrence in the life of the woman only illustrates to what depths of rascality she can descend. The next move of the woman was to marry a house painter in Providence named William K. Lane, who had a wife living at the time. She had one son by Lane, and named him William, after the father. The boy inherited the evil ways of his mother and father, and was convicted of committing a rape on a young girl at Attleboro, and was sentenced to a long term at Taunton Jail, which he served out. Lane went off to sea and died. Then the woman married another painter named Florimont E. Howe, at Manchester, and became Mrs. Sarah E. Howe. At the time she married Florimont Howe, twenty years ago, she was telling fortunes at Manchester, having established herself there some time previous as a clairvoyant. She told or professed to tell fortunes with cards. Finally she struck the bank business in Boston, and has victimized a host of dupes. "Unmarried ladies only" were allowed to deposit money in the institution.

## SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

A Young Man's Fearful Revenge, and a Young Lady's Discomfiture.

The *Alta California* tells this yarn: "An awful case of the consequences of refusing a young man's honorable love is reported on the West Side. A really nice young man fell in love with a handsome girl, the only daughter of a handsome and well preserved widow of 38, and offered her marriage. She ridiculed him because he was 26, and said he was old enough to be her father, and so on, and with her taunts goaded him to such a pitch of frenzy that he swore he would be fearfully revenged. Accordingly he proposed to and married the wretched girl's mother. Now that wretched girl has to wear stout leather

boots two sizes too large for her, and go to bed at 9 p. m., and eschew the theatre, chocolate caramels, ice cream, and in fact everything else that makes life worth living for, her stepfather's nominal object being that when she grows up she may be as splendidly matured a woman as her mother, the compliment implied in this inducing the mother to second him enthusiastically. When a young man comes round to see that wretched girl, her stepfather bounces him down the front steps, throws his hat after him, and tells the wretched girl that the young man is not a fit companion for her, and that he is as solicitous for her future as he would be for that of his own child, and altogether, in the kindest manner possible, he makes that wretched girl even wish she were dead as many as a hundred times a day. Let all other beautiful girls who are often tempted to refuse the matrimonial offers of eligible young men, be warned by her unhappy fate."

## OFF WITH THE CASH.

The Cashier of the Boston Treasury Department's Alleged Defalcation.

[With Portrait.]

John A. Woodward, who for fifteen years has been cashier of the Treasury Department of Boston, Mass., is alleged to be a defaulter to the amount of \$82,000, and has absconded. From the disclosures made it appears that Woodward's first dereliction was on June 13, 1876, less than a year after his appointment as cashier, when he drew a check on the sinking fund for \$13,000, but this he restored a week later. On January 5, 1877, he drew a check for \$25,000 and by means of transfers from one account to another, covered his tracks. At various times subsequently he covered deficiencies of \$15,000, \$22,000 and \$20,000, until the total reached \$82,000, beside other deficiencies of a few hundred dollars in his petty accounts.

The Sinking Fund Commissioners and the Committee on the Treasury have held meetings and a searching investigation was made.

Woodward is about thirty years of age and resided at Jamaica Plain. He stood well in society and was not known to a speculator or extravagant in his expenditures, but since the discovery of his crime a Miss Amy Knowlton, an actress, has told his mother that she has been married to him for two years.

Regarding the woman Amy Knowlton, it is reported that Woodward had paid the expenses of her instruction in elocution and acting, and intended sending her abroad shortly to complete her theatrical education. She is at present in Boston, and was registered at the Adams House, with a lady companion, the first time having "New York" against their names, and the second indicating Boston as their residence. Callers at the room to which she was assigned the other evening, found it in darkness. It is reported at the City Treasurer's Office that after she had been called on last Friday for information concerning Mr. Woodward's disappearance, and learning that there was trouble pending, she went to his parents' residence in Jamaica Plain.

## SHE LOVED NOT WISELY.

A Sacramento Wife Kills an Alleged Unfaithful Husband—Tokens of Affection in the Shape of Bullets.

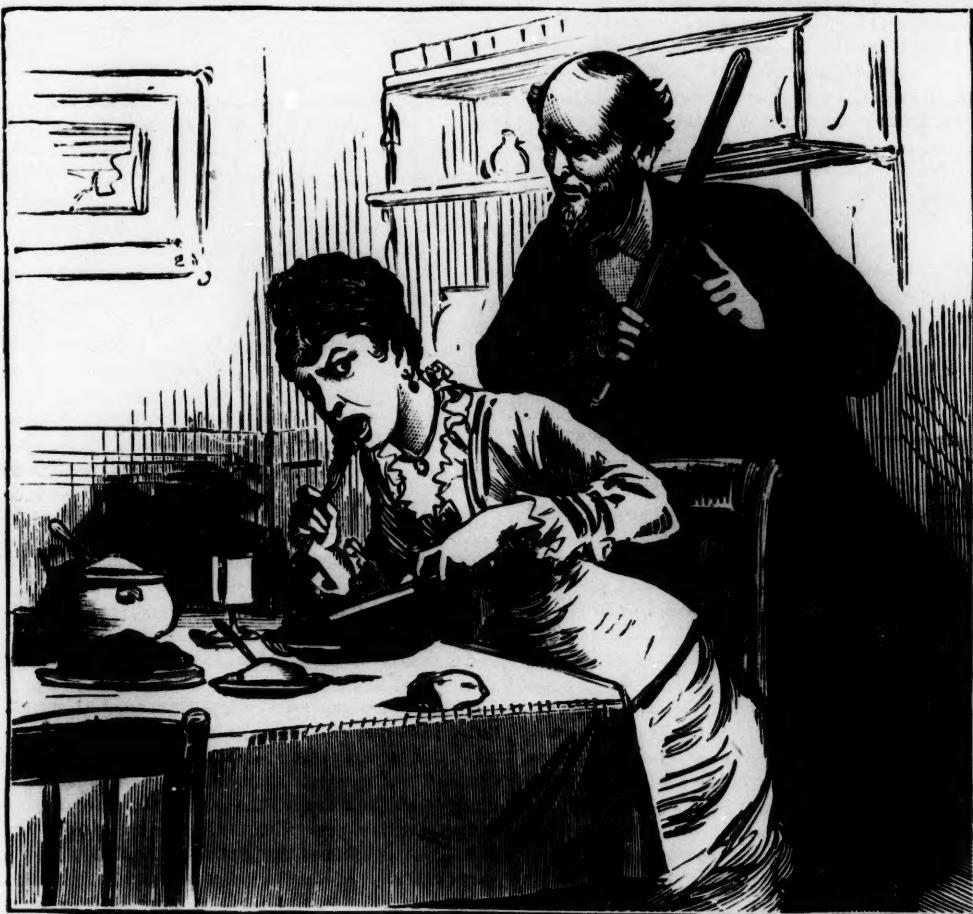
Last winter Mrs. George Hamilton, aged about 25, living in Sacramento, Cal., grew jealous of her husband, and one evening asked him to walk out with her, and see a girl of eighteen years, named Nettie Winklepeck, and see if the girl would deny that he had criminal relation with her. The husband went, and when they met the girl, Mrs. Hamilton drew a pistol and shot her. The girl was severely wounded, but recovered. Mrs. Hamilton was tried in July last, and acquitted, as the girl had been taken East by her father and did not appear, but the trial went on and the case was proved, but a defence of insanity of the emotional order was set, and Mrs. Hamilton was acquitted. She and her husband lived together after that two weeks, when she grew jealous again, and they separated. A month ago she met him and snapped a pistol at him. On the 25th of September Mrs. Hamilton bought a bottle of strychnine to kill rats with, though none believed she intended to kill herself after killing her husband. Last week she sent a note to her husband and bills for rent and groceries, and he went up to the house to see her, on Twelfth street, between H and F. As he came into the house she caressed him, it is said, and sought to win him to come back to her, but thus far no one is found who was present and can verify this. During the interview she shot her husband once in the left temple and once on the left side of the head near the back part. Either shot would have been fatal. The powder burned his face. George Bosler, who was passing by, saw her walking the porch excitedly, and went in and saw her husband, his head on the floor. Mrs. Hamilton said she had shot him because she loved him so much, and he was going after other women, and spoke to the body and said: "Oh, darling, I loved you, and rather than any other should have you, I killed you." She was taken to jail. She is much excited and believed to be now quite insane, though she realizes her act and knows her friends. The couple have one child, a girl aged twelve years.

A queer sort of a marriage that was which took place at the New York Tombs the other day. There was a ruffian in a cell for making an assault upon a girl. The crime was committed last spring and the trial was now to come off, but when the criminal was brought into court the girl, who was the sole witness to testify against him, appeared not in the capacity of accuser but in that of wife. She is a brunette of sixteen, who must have wanted a husband very badly. Having procured a permit to visit her pet criminal, she interviewed him through the bars and he popped the question to her, whereupon she instantly accepted him.





"THUS FAR SHALL WE GO AND NO FARTHER"—A COUPLE OF JOCKEYS ATTEMPT TO EDUCATE A PAIR OF MULES IN THE HURDLE BUSINESS, AND MEET WITH A FAILURE; LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 2.



A ST. LOUIS PHYSICIAN STANDS OVER HIS WIFE WITH A CLUB AND FORCES HER TO GORGE HERSELF, FOR WHICH SHE DESIRES A DIVORCE.—SEE PAGE 10.



A MAN WHILE ATTEMPTING TO HIVE A SWARM OF BEES IS NEARLY SMOTHERED TO DEATH BY THEIR LIGHTING ON HIS HEAD; DECATUR, MICH.—SEE PAGE 7.



A BRAVE LADY WHILE OUT YACHTING TAKES OFF HER DRESS AND USES IT FOR A SAIL SHEET, THE LATTER HAVING BEEN CARRIED AWAY BY THE WIND.—SEE PAGE 6.

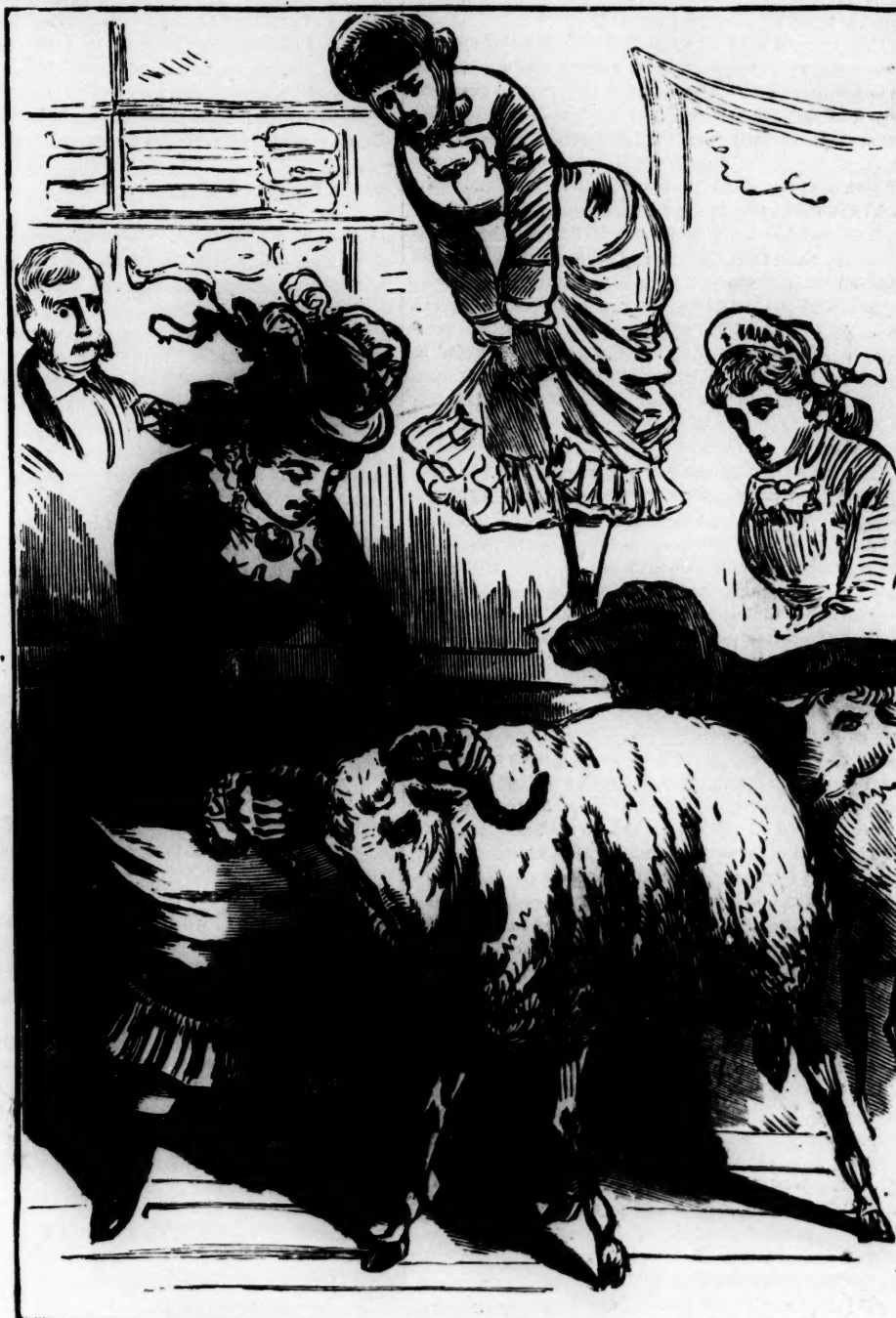




STARING FATE IN THE FACE—AN OLD BACHELOR GETS CAUGHT IN THE MATRIMONIAL NET, AND ON ENTERING THE NUPITAL CHAMBER FINDS THE UNMENTIONABLES OF FOUR PREDECESSORS, WHICH ARE KEPT AS RELICS, HANGING ON THE WALL—TABLEAU.—SEE PAGE 2.



AN OLD LADY TRIES TO IMITATE THE "SMALL BOY" BY CRAWLING UNDER THE CANVAS OF A CIRCUS, BUT IS BAFFLED BY THE CLOWNS; BOWLING GREEN, KY.—SEE PAGE 5.



A DROVE OF SHEEP ENTER A DRY GOODS STORE IN DUBUQUE, IOWA, AND CREATE A LARGE-SIZED PANIC AMONG THE LADY SHOPPERS. SEE PAGE 2.



## A NEW STUDY.

### The Theory and Practice of Smoking Cigarettes in a Female Seminary—A Quiet Seance in Which Tea and Tobacco Figured.

On the 25th of August last a terrible discovery was made by the Professor of Latin and the Harp at the Wilson Female Seminary of Redfield, Mass. The professor, who had been engaged in giving private instruction in the art of sitting on the front piazza to an estimable young lady of the village, was passing through the corridor to his room at a late hour, when he heard a distinct sound of revelry in room No. 11.

At first he thought it might be a hilarious burglar, but he soon heard the unmistakable sound of female voices. Approaching the door softly, he listened, in the strict performance of his duty, and in addition to hearing the sound of voices he smelled the odor of tobacco.

Under these circumstances he could not but suspect the presence of surreptitious male cousins, and becoming alarmed at the possibility of such an invasion of the sanctity of the seminary, he took the extreme course of placing a chair near the door, climbing upon it and looking through what is popularly known as the fanlight. He saw no cousins, but to his intense horror he found that a feminine orgie of the most reprehensible nature was in progress.

Twelve young ladies, with their back hair down, were seated around a table drinking cold tea and smoking cigarettes.

Under the stimulating effects of the cold tea they were talking rapidly and in an excited manner, and from time to time they burst into subdued singing.

The spectacle made the professor turn pale, and, to a certain extent, made his blood run cold. He did not dare to break in among the revelers, lest under the excitement of tea they should fall upon him and inflict fatal injuries upon his wig.

Accordingly he climbed softly down from his perch, went to his room, and in the morning told the terrible tale, together with the names of the revelers, to the principal.

Some men, had they been in the principal's place, would at once have taken the severest measures. They would have summoned the offenders to their presence, loaded them with reproaches and sent them home to their stricken parents with the brand of cold tea and cigarettes on their foreheads.

The girls would, of course, either have sunk under the shame of their expulsion or they would have tried to drown their sorrow with more cold tea and cigarettes, and would thus have been ruined morally, socially and in point of stomachs. The excellent principal could not make up his mind thus to blight twelve young lives, and after mature deliberation he hit upon a better plan.

At prayers that evening he made a brief speech, announcing that he intended adding a new study to the ordinary curriculum, but that before so doing he desired to consult with his beloved pupils. He therefore invited the twelve young ladies whose names had been furnished him by the Professor of Latin and the Harp to meet him in his study at 7 o'clock that night.

The invited girls were greatly flattered by the attention thus paid them, and they resolved to put on their best ribbons and to wait on their beloved principal without fail at the hour appointed. They did so. At 7 o'clock the twelve revelers presented themselves at the study door, and, it may be added in passing, presented an appearance which would have softened the heart of the most obdurate ruffian, unless, of course, he had been sustained by an unswerving determination to do his duty.

The principal welcomed them warmly, and they noticed with some surprise that, although the weather was hot, all the windows of the room were tightly closed. They were still more surprised when the principal locked the door and put the key in his pocket, remarking as he did so that they had met for an important conference, and that he did not propose to be interrupted.

After a preliminary discussion of the weather the principal proceeded to business by saying that he had determined to introduce the theory and practice of smoking as a new study. He admitted that this important branch of education had been sadly neglected at the seminary, and that he himself had not smoked for several years, but that he trusted they, were one and all ready to make up for lost time.

The attempt of certain ambitious students to master the art of smoking without a teacher was, he confessed, extremely creditable, and showed a strong love for study, but as he had decided to undertake the duties of a professor of smoking, he trusted that none of his dear young friends would try to smoke by the light of nature. So saying he produced a large well-filled pipe for himself and a supply of the strongest cigarettes for the young ladies, and desired them to take their first regular lesson.

With a view to stimulate competition he promised a reward to the girl who could smoke the greatest number of cigarettes within an hour, and an exemplary punishment to the one who should smoke the fewest. With these cheering remarks, he ordered every lady to "light up," and put a match to his pipe began to pour out a cloud of smoke.

The young ladies filled with a vague dread that they had been detected in their midnight orgie, and dreading punishment therefore did not dare to refuse to smoke. They smoked with a vigor that showed they were but little accustomed to the true method of smoking, and that speedily filled the room with a blue cloud that momentarily grew denser and denser.

The windows being closed no air could enter the

room, and the heat aided the smoke in its deadly work. In twenty minutes Miss Sallie Smith dropped her cigarette and sank upon the sofa. Five minutes later Miss Bettie Maguire followed her example, and at the end of forty minutes every one of the twelve with the exception of the two occupants of the sofa, were lying on the floor mute and helpless, and in their deathly agony, wishing they were dead.

The good principal consulted his watch and finding that the hour for instruction was not ended, smoked steadily on. When the clock struck eight he laid down his pipe, and apparently for the first time, noticed the condition of the first class in the theory of smoking. He asked with great surprise and tenderness, if anything was the matter, and if his dear young friends felt quite well, but receiving no answer but inarticulate groans, he opened the windows, unlocked the doors, and rang for the matron.

The latter, assisted by the chamber maids, carried the young ladies, one by one, to their rooms, where, during the rest of the evening, they conducted themselves in a way that it reminded the listener of a storm at sea, with its usual effects upon delicate passengers.

It was two days before the smoking class made its appearance, and then the girls looked, in the expressive and figurative language of the washerwoman, as if "they had been rung out, and drawn through a knothole."

Nothing more has been said by the principal as to the new study, and it is understood that he has changed his mind, and decided not to place it on the curriculum.

No more cold tea and cigarette orgies have been held by the young ladies, and if anything is morally certain, it is that not one of the twelve revelers has the slightest desire ever again to look upon the cigarette when it is lighted.

## A COOL MARRIAGE.

### Paying the Person off in "Sassages."

A minister settled in one of our western villages, in which the primitive manners of pioneer life had not been smoothed by refinement and cultivation, was seated in his study one day, endeavoring to arrange the heads of to-morrow's discourse, when his attention was called by a loud knock at the front door. The visitor proved to be a tall, gawky, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl, attired in a dress of red calico, which, from the frequent complacent glances toward it the fair owner, was considered quite a magnificent affair.

"Won't you walk in?" asked the minister, politely.

"Much obliged, squire; I don't know but we will. I say, you're a minister, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I reckoned so. Betsy and me—that's Betsy—a frustrate sort of a gal, anyhow—"

"Oh, Jonathan!" simpered the beautiful Betsy.

"You are, now, and you needn't go to deny it. Well, Betsy and me have concluded to hitch teams, and we want you to do it."

"You wish to get married?"

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, mister, before we begin, let's know what's going to be the damages, as I reckon it isn't best to go it blind."

"Oh, I never set any price. I take what they give me."

"Well, that's all right. Go ahead, minister, if you please; we're in a hurry, as Joe's got to finish a plant in the later patch afore night, and Betsy she's got fetch the butter."

Thus adjured, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few minutes.

"Kiss me, Betsy," said the delighted bridegroom.

"You're my old woman now. Ain't it nice?"

"First-rate," was the satisfactory reply.

"Hold on a jerk!" said Jonathan, as he left his wife abruptly and darted out at the gate to where the wagon was left.

"What's your husband gone for?" asked the minister, somewhat surprised.

"I expect it's for the sassages," was the confused reply.

Just then Jonathan made his appearance, dangling in his hand a painful of sausages.

"Mam made them," said he, "and I reckon they are good. If they ain't, you just send them back, and we'll send you some more."

## STUFFING HER.

### Why a St. Louis Woman Wants a Divorce.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Dr. Louis Bosse of St. Louis, was married last July. Now his wife is suing for a divorce. Her chief cause of complaint is given in her testimony as follows: "We had a roast duck for dinner, with onion stuffing. When he saw the onions he got just like a wild man and threw down his knife and fork, cursed me and called me names, and asked me what kind of eating that was. He wouldn't sit down to the table then, but went and sat down in the kitchen. I wasn't eating then, and he asked me why I didn't eat. I said to him, 'If you will not eat I will not eat either.' He then said, 'If you don't sit down this very minute and eat I will show you who is boss in this house, you or I.' He forced me to go to the table and sit down, and I took some victuals on my plate just to please him, but I couldn't eat. He then went and got a stick and stood behind my chair and said to me: 'Here, do you see that stick? That is for you, and if you will not eat now I will break this stick on your back. I will break every bone in your body. Fill up your plate and eat.' I then filled my plate for good, and he kept standing behind me 'till I had the whole plate emptied."

## RETRIBUTION.

### A Desperado Lays in Ambush and Kills the Wrong Man—Hunted Down and Captured by the Father of his Victim.

Near Henrietta, Clay county, Texas, resides a very hard working, well-to-do farmer named William Tate. Some three years since he immigrated to Texas from Manchester, Iowa, with the sole thought of preparing for his children homes upon farms in that section. Some time in the latter part of July his son, Ralph C. Tate, his favorite, went to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, to work for the government. All went well with the boy until the evening of August 19, when proceeding along on one of the highways near Fort Sill, the death missiles from a gun loaded for the purpose of killing another person was sent tearing through his vitals, and where life, vigor and nerves had but a moment before held forth in all their power, death was then clutching with a powerful grip.

The deed was witnessed by a man who was near at hand, and to whom the murderer gave his gun for safe keeping. The news soon spread. Word was sent to the father of the dying boy, who fortunately arrived in time to see him before death claimed him for its own.

The facts in regard to the killing are that one William E. Brown, belonging to a notorious outlaw family living in Montague county, Texas, had had a difficulty with Bob Moore, another desperate character, and was lying in ambush for him with a loaded gun, when young Tate came by, and mistaking him for Moore—it being a clear moonlight night—he took deliberate aim and fired, with the result above stated.

Immediately after his son's death the father started out upon the hunt for the murderer, and getting on his track in the Indian Territory shortly after, he telegraphed to the United States marshal on the 2nd of September for a special permit to take Brown, which was immediately forwarded him.

Having tracked Brown to a large cotton field on Red river, three hundred miles distant from Fort Smith, and knowing that he would be on a sharp lookout, Mr. Tate offered two men who knew him: fifty dollars to capture and deliver him into his hands, which they soon did, and received the reward.

Mr. Tate, being a man of grit and nerve, decided at once to start alone with Brown for Fort Smith, and putting one end of an ordinary log chain around his prisoner's neck, and locking it securely with a padlock, he started on his journey, not forgetting, however, to warn Brown that his first attempt to escape would land him in eternity, and assuring him at the same time that if he went along peaceably he would be treated well.

Leaving the Red river country on Thursday, Sept. 27, they arrived in Fort Smith on Sunday, October 2. Their trip through the territory was made without any serious obstacles. When stopping in the lone woods or forest at night, Mr. Tate would place his revolver some distance from where their bare couch on Mother Earth was made, then with a short rope he would tie the loose end of the chain to his leg and thus pass the night—resting well, as he states.

Such a cool, determined look was pictured upon the face of Mr. Tate even when reciting the fact in regard to his trip, as would quell any but a reckless daredevil, who valued not his life, and no doubt it was this look and the self conviction that the old gentleman only intended that the law should be vindicated, which so thoroughly subjugated the prisoner.

Brown, the prisoner, speaks in the highest terms of the treatment received at the hand of the father of the murdered son.

When Mr. Tate reaches home he will have traveled over 1,200 miles. He has also spent much money, but like the true father that he has proven himself to be, he regrets no move taken.

## A RAKISH RASCAL.

### Who Has Much to Answer for—A Good-Sized Scandal in High Life.

Ashtabula, Ohio, was thrown into a state of great excitement last week by the stabbing of George Fargo, a prominent citizen, by John L'Hommedieu, a wealthy merchant. Some placards had been posted about the town, warning people not to trade with L'Hommedieu & Son, as L'Hommedieu, junior, was such a bad character that the family ought to be driven from the place. L'Hommedieu, senior, suspected that Fargo had something to do with posting the bills, and meeting him on the street demanded to know who caused the bills to be posted. Not getting a satisfactory reply, he stabbed Fargo several times with a pocket-knife. Fargo was not dangerously wounded, and he managed to give L'Hommedieu a sound thrashing. L'Hommedieu was arrested and placed under bonds to the amount of \$25,000.

Young L'Hommedieu is a dashing, handsome fellow, and judging from his conduct it would appear that he considered himself specially created for the seduction of young ladies. At any rate this has been his chief business, and he has prosecuted it most indefatigably and successfully, as the many ruined girls of his acquaintance can testify. One of his latest victims is a daughter of Mr. Fargo. He first met Miss Fargo last winter as she was passing his store. He wrote to her every day, and after several interviews with her succeeded in accomplishing her ruin. This was while Mr. Fargo was absent at Lake Superior. When he returned home he found that L'Hommedieu had enticed his daughter away from home and was keeping her in another part of the town. Mr. Fargo took his daughter home, and while there L'Hommedieu made several ineffectual attempts to see her. One time he called at the house and during an altercation with Fargo shot at the latter. About two weeks ago he managed to get the girl away again. After a long search Fargo found her at the house of an old man named Gray, and brought her home, where she has since remained.

Miss Fargo is only eighteen years of age, and is

described as a beauty of the blonde type, tall and handsome in figure. In her disposition she is impetuous and affectionate.

It is said that young L'Hommedieu several years ago married a girl named La Grange, but subsequently obtained a divorce from her. He afterward married a young girl named Luce, but she left him. It is claimed that he now has at his father's house a girl by the name of Atkins, whom he enticed away from home, and that whenever her folks call they are unable to see her. This looks as though the elder L'Hommedieu encouraged and abetted the son in his villainies.

Some of the citizens of Ashtabula recently decided to give the young reprobate a coat of tar and feathers, but the night selected for the ceremony proving inclement it was postponed. Those citizens should remember that a good cause is worthy of perseverance.

If Judge Lynch should try L'Hommedieu's case with the usual result, there would be few mourners, and of these the devil would be the chief.

## WHY THE GUESTS LEFT SO SUDDENL.

### A Mistaken Beverage, Which Broke Up a Party—Was it a Case of Revenge?

The following true story should be a solemn warning to ladies who give fashionable entertainments and leave the arrangement of matters to their servants.

A lady in the West End, Cincinnati, recently gave quite a large party, and had prepared elaborately for the event. Several servants were temporarily employed for the occasion, and matters in the preparing of the table and supper pretty generally left to them. The host and hostess were amazed and surprised to find the guests nearly all departing almost immediately after supper. They could not account for it, and felt insulted and mortified. Seeking for the cause, they found that some of the servants had mixed with the lemonade and the water in the cooler, by mistake or through malice, a mineral water of strong medicinal qualities. Hence the extraordinary sensation with which every one was seized and the excited and hurried manner in which the guests bade adieu and made an exit. Several of the guests, we are informed, were laid up for two or three days.

The host had laid in for his own use several dozen bottles of a well-known aperient or laxative. The bottles were examined and ten of them found empty.

One of the servants employed for the evening had a few months before been discharged from the house for impudence and other reasons, and it is supposed he thus got in his revenge.

For several weeks the lady guests have been explaining to the hostess "why they acted so strangely and left so suddenly," and their husbands have been calling upon the host to tell him "the reason why they couldn't stay later." The host and hostess have also been busy telling their guests about the "laxative."

And the wife says her husband shall never—"no, sir, n-e-v-e-r," have any more of the vile stuff in the house.

The servant heard of "the trouble," and has skipped the town.

## STOOPED TO FOLLY.

### A Confiding Girl is Ruined, Disappointed, and Deserted by a Heartless Wretch, Dies of a Broken Heart.

Another beautiful young lady at Brownstown, Ind., has expiated with her life the humiliation and disgrace brought upon her name. Miss Deborah Keller, a young and beautiful lady, daughter of respectable parents who reside near this place, died last Tuesday of a broken heart. It is the old, old story. She listened to the honeyed words of love which a young Adonis poured in her ears. She believed his promises, she encouraged his advances, believing his intentions were honorable. In an ungarded moment she yielded to her lover, and ere many months realized the fearful consequences of her sin. He, as if impelled by a sense of honor, as well as true love for the young lady, consented to marriage. All the necessary preliminaries were arranged. The day set for their nuptials came. The hour for the ceremony drew nigh, and the lady, clad in bridal robes, awaited the coming of the bridegroom. But he came not. He yielded to objections and remonstrances of his relatives, and left for parts unknown. In a few months he returned. He was arrested and bound over for his appearance at the Circuit Court. Later a compromise was effected. Some four or five weeks ago a son was born to the unfortunate girl. With this living evidence of her shame, grief preyed upon her very heavily. She would not be comforted. She rejected alike the advice and ministrations of physicians, and the tender expressions of sympathy and encouragement of her friends. She said she was disgraced, shunned by her former associates, discarded by the father of her child and ostracized by society, and nothing could bring happiness save the grave. Her brain became seriously affected, while her entire nervous system lost its power and force. It is one of the saddest cases of the kind that ever occurred in that section, and has enlisted the warmest sympathy of the community at large for the poor girl and her parents.

The Rev. H. G. James of Chicago, visited some friends at Marshall, Mich., and preached on a Sunday morning in the Presbyterian church by invitation of the pastor, who announced that he would speak in the evening. After the services he spent two hours in a beer saloon, where he drank more than he could carry away with steadiness. Some of the church officers saw him in this condition, and informed him that he would not be allowed to enter the church. So he spent the evening in a carousal with the roisterers of the town.



## Current Cussedness.

### A Pair of Burglars Distinguish Themselves by Stealing a Red-Hot Stove.

### LEFT HER BED TO ELOPE.

### A Woman Who Got Revenge on a Neighbor in a Singular Way.

### MARRIED, YET NO WIFE.

#### VERY MUCH MIXED.

SALEM, Ohio, Oct. 18.—Salem if it keeps on will be quite a resort for miscegenationists. James Loomis, a cream-colored barber as well as lawyer, brought to Salem last Thursday evening his bride, who is a white woman named Minnie Sawyer, of Cleveland, who the "coons" report to be "well-heeled," and the report goes on to say that she boarded at the Weddel House, Cleveland. The jealous oil-colored maidens received them at the station to the number of twenty or thirty. Including this last affair, it makes six white women who have miscegenated.

#### A CAREFUL JOB.

George Purvis, once a wealthy resident of Liverpool, England, but made poor, it is alleged, by the dishonesty of a business partner, committed suicide at his brother's home, on Washington street, Hoboken, N. J., on the 18th inst. He placed a bucket at the side of the bed, and lay across the bed, face downward, and his head extending over the edge above the bucket. He then with a keen-edged razor cut his throat, and when discovered he was almost dead. The bucket was half full of blood which had poured from the wound. He soon after died.

#### A POVERTY-STRICKEN MURDERER.

The paramour of Mrs. Brown, Joseph Wade, convicted with her of the murder of her husband, has been unable to get his case before the supreme court, owing to his poverty. It is necessary to have a complete record of the evidence in the transcript and this he has not been able to get, the county commissioners and criminal court both refusing to make allowance therefor. This week the supreme court will be called upon to direct the criminal court to make the necessary appropriation, or order it upon its own motion out of the state's revenue, on petition of Wade. There is no precedent for this action, and the result is awaited with some interest. The date of execution is fixed for the 28th inst.

#### A FOOL AT LARGE.

J. D. Schaefer, of New Orleans, La., discovered a family named Bender residing near that city, and quietly slipped off to Kansas and procured a warrant for their arrest. He then returned and procured a requisition from the Governor of Louisiana and with the utmost secrecy proceeded to where the Benders lived and arrested the whole family, some eight or ten. He loaded them down with chains and manacles and had them placed in the strongest cells of the New Orleans city prison, with an armed guard over them. Just as he was about to proceed with his captives to Kansas it was discovered that the family had resided at their home near New Orleans for fifty years, and none of them had been away from home for the last fifteen years. Of course the governor revoked the requisition. It is terrible to think what Schaefer would do if a large reward was offered for some criminal named Smith.

#### LEFT HER BED.

A probable elopement occurred at Clifton, Kansas, last week, the parties being John Davis, who was in a subdued shade of mourning for his late wife, who died some three months ago, and Mrs. Philip Toothman, a sister to the dear departed. Mrs. Toothman retired as usual with her husband for the night, and some hours later, arose, went down stairs, and her husband thinking she was gone longer than necessary, arose, and after making search, came to the conclusion that the "partner of his buzzum," had gone—the conclusion being strengthened by the fact that her huds were gone, John Davis was gone, and likewise, a wagon belonging to his brother had mysteriously disappeared. Early in the morning Mr. Toothman appeared on the street, armed and equipped as the law directs, and from the way he pawed and snuffed around, it is reasonable to conclude, that had he found John Davis, "blud wud hav fiod." The best wishes of the community go with the guilty couple.

#### A SINGULAR ROBBERY.

You have heard about stealing a red-hot stove—well, the thing has actually been accomplished. It was in Cleveland. A man and his wife went to a political meeting, and while they were wig-waming up with political enthusiasm, some remorseless rascals broke into their house and stole beds, bedding and stove. There was a hot fire in the stove, but the bold burglars carried it into the yard, dumped the coals and hot ashes out of it, and warming up to their work, managed in some way to carry it off. When the despoiled couple returned they found the fire out and the stove out too, the only thing left to tell the tale being its scattered and useless legs. And these subsequently walked off, too. The man and wife both hastened forth to search for the missing articles and give the alarm, and when they got back they found the audacious pilferers had meanwhile returned and taken away the legs; nor has any clue to them or the burglars been obtained. Neither

man nor wife dare leave the house now for fear that the redoubtable rogues will return and lug off the house and lot.

#### A FIEND'S HORRIBLE CRIME.

DENVER, Col., October 19.—A paper of this city has information from Hereford county that Antonio Mes-tes, a Mexican, murdered his wife and babe most horribly a few days ago. He first knocked the woman down with a club, and then seized a knife, and with it savagely lacerated her body, cutting out large pieces of flesh. He then deliberately ripped open the womb and took the still living child from it, which he dashed to the floor and stamped upon until life was extinct. After this he tore the body of his wife almost apart, and after further mutilation fled. He was found near his old home, and placed in the schoolhouse for safekeeping with a guard of two men. It having become generally known that he had been captured, and his whereabouts being ascertained, a body of sixty men was soon got together, who went to the schoolhouse about 10 o'clock at night, and taking him out proceeded to administer punishment to him for his crimes. His body was mutilated in precisely the same manner as was his wife's. His scalp was then lifted and a rope tied around the man's neck, the other end being attached to the horn of a saddle, and he was then dragged about on the ground until the body was unrecognizable.

#### TROUBLE AMONG THE "HIGH-TONED."

YOUNGSTOWN, O., October 18.—A Warren letter says: On the afternoon of September 29 a little unpleasantness took place in this city between two ladies of the upper class of society. Miss Augusta Endres, daughter of a French music teacher, is a lady who dresses in a style strikingly different from others, and therefore attracts universal attention. She is also very passionate and suspicious. Under the impression that the wife of a prominent citizen had "talked" about her on the afternoon mentioned, she proceeded to give her a piece of her mind, and also a little of her fists. The victim of the assault was in a very delicate condition, and the pounding might have resulted seriously. It was attempted to settle the matter quietly, but it did not succeed, and last night the mayor's court was filled with an aristocratic audience as ever graced the police court room. When the prosecutor commenced his argument he said that one or the other of the ladies was evidently mistaken in the testimony given. Miss Endres interrupted him and said: "You had better say I lied." The prosecutor then said if she desired it he would say "lied," although he preferred to say "mistaken." The court fined Miss Endres \$20 and costs. The case was appealed on error, Rev. A. R. Kuller going on the bond. Miss Endres has the reputation of being jealous and quarrelsome. She said on the stand she considered herself an exception to all women and was proud of it.

#### DIRTY MISCHIEF.

Much remark and astonishment has been occasioned in the city of Fon Du Lac, Mich., by the rehearsal of an affair which occurred recently. It seems that a family of the highest respectability, residing on Second street, has lately been annoyed by having the fence and premises daubed with filth at night. This has occurred no less than seven times. One night last week the lady of the house sat at the window when she observed a woman evidently engaged in smearing the fence in front of the house. She hastened out doors, found her fears realized, and followed the woman, who rapidly walked away. The pursuer overtook the woman, who proved to be the wife of one of our oldest citizens, and a member of a family standing high socially—a woman over fifty years of age, and the mother of several attractive and lovely daughters. She denied any knowledge of the dirty transaction, but her odor belied her words, and she was forced into the house of a neighbor, where she was detained and severely cross questioned, revealing nothing but repeated contradictions. She was finally allowed to go home, and a search of the yard of the house where she had been detained revealed a bag of filth, which had lately been deposited there, probably thrown over the fence by the woman in question. The family who have been harassed are at a loss to know the motive of their tormentor, as the two ladies are not at all acquainted, and there is no feud between the families. The gentleman whose premises have been defiled threatens to take legal proceedings in the premises.

#### A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.

CARROLLTON, Ill., Oct. 9.—From Deputy Sheriff Powell, who has just returned from a fruitless search for the assassin, are learned the particulars of the most cold blooded murder ever perpetrated in Green county. On Thursday last, two young men, named Sheriff and Munday, and a young woman named Wright, all at the time in the employ of one McKibney, who lives in the Macoupin bottom, about six miles south of this city, attended the Jerseyville fair in company, and returned home the same evening. After supper they concluded to go to a ball at the house of one Green, in the neighborhood, and Sheriff and the girl started off together on foot. They had proceeded about a mile on their way when they discovered Munday dogging their steps. He presently slipped up behind Sheriff and discharged his revolver at him. Sheriff ran twenty feet, and fell dead. Munday then compelled the girl to accompany him, and they walked down the railroad until they reached Riverdale, when they went into the house of a Mrs. Tyrell. Here the girl tried to escape from Munday, but failed to do so. They then retraced their steps until they came to the residence of Munday's mother, where the girl made a sudden dart and succeeded in getting into the house—not, however, until the fiend had fired a shot at her, which passed through her clothing. Munday's mother prevented him from following the girl further, and he betook himself to the woods, and up to this time he has eluded capture. The girl states that Munday was drinking, and had two bottles of whisky with him, and he was probably jealous of Sheriff's attention to her. The girl, Ella Wright, is about eighteen years of age, of good reputation in the neighborhood. The murdered man

was a Scotchman, about nineteen years old, who, went by the name of Scotty, and is said to have been an industrious man. The murderer is aged twenty-two years, and has an unenviable reputation. A large posse is still in search of him, and he will hardly escape capture.

#### MARITAL MISERIES.

### A Prominent Married Man of Logansport, Ind., and His Indiscretions With a Wealthy Young Lady.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., Oct. 18.—Some two years ago a widow named Mrs. Mercy Howes died in this city, leaving a daughter aged eighteen and considerable property. The deceased had for years been afflicted with a tape-worm whose rapacity and influence over her often almost ended her life, so that her death, when it did occur, led to no suspicions or misgivings. But some days after the burial an inquisitive newspaper reporter ran across the death return made by an attending physician, and was startled to see that the cause of her death was given as resulting from an overdose of tape-worm medicine administered by a specialist. The making public of this discovery caused considerable excitement, and led the specialist to bring suit against the physician, thus charging such a fatal and at the same time ignorant act upon him. After much legal quibbling the case was finally tried at Kokomo, and the specialist awarded a small amount of damage for his injured name, but further than this no consideration of the subject of Mrs. Howes' death was ever given.

After the demise of Mrs. Howes, a man named Solomon Jones, a stock and note broker, was appointed guardian of the orphan daughter's property, and he and his wife removed into the Howes homestead, which is a large brick building on Market street, near the business portion of the town. Jones, and the girl, Eva Howes, who is a rather prepossessing young lady, gradually appeared to become attached to each other, and their actions soon attracted the attention of the wife. She protested with the husband, but he did not heed her, and, becoming disheartened at the prospects before her, Mrs. Jones some months ago left her husband and went to live with relatives near Peru. All this time Jones and the girl lived together under the roof of the Howes residence, oftentimes not another person, even a servant, being in the house for weeks. This action naturally excited suspicion, and the gossips of the town found in the subject ample morsels to roll under their tongues and rehash to their own tastes in the ears of their neighbors.

The climax came a day or two since, in the Miami Circuit Court, at Peru, where Mrs. Jones brought suit to be released from the bonds which held her and her husband together as one. Among the several other charges preferred by the wife against her husband was that he was and had been living in open and notorious adultery with this same Eva Howes mentioned in this article. The husband did not appear at the trial at all, and the Court, without delay, granted the divorce, feeling that Jones, by his silence, acknowledged himself guilty of the charges made. The publication in this city of the facts regarding the granting of the divorce and the cause thereof again brought the subject into high prominence, and the greatest indignation was expressed that Jones should conduct himself as he is doing. The girl's relatives here are among our most wealthy and respected people, and the only reason that they have allowed her to conduct herself as she has done is believed to lie in the fact that their exhortations have been listened to by her with a deaf ear.

There is a possibility that she and Jones have been guilty of nothing that is wrong in the eyes of the law, but the world does not believe it, and their actions are far from showing any such thing. The people are greatly worked up regarding the matter, and several reputable citizens have announced that unless a stop is put to the proceedings they will institute suit to punish Jones, he being given the bulk of the blame on account of the tender age and inexperience of the girl.

#### CHASING A HORSE THIEF.

### Travelling One Hundred and Thirty Miles and Receiving a Reward of Fifty Dollars.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Oct. 19.—Within the past two months some of the villagers of southern Ulster and Orange counties have been visited almost nightly by horse thieves. So bold had they become that farmers were afraid, when entering a house or store after dark, to leave their horses and wagons in the highway unguarded.

On Thursday last a valuable horse, owned by Theodore Schoonmaker, was stolen from the church shed while himself and wife were attending prayer meeting, and has not yet been recovered. The stable of Ira Deyo, a farmer, living near the village of New Paltz, Ulster county, was also entered a few nights ago, and horse, wagon, several sets of harness, whips, and blankets stolen. The property was traced to Kerhonkson, and thence to several small hamlets in Greene and Delaware counties. After tracking the thief to Walton, Delaware county, Constable Chase of that place was given charge of the case.

Leaving home on Monday morning with a fast team, he soon got on the track of the thief, and learned that he had a woman in his company. Chase kept on their trail through Franklin, Unadilla, Canonsville, and Deposit, Broome county, thence into Pennsylvania, and finally back to Sanford, Broome county, where he arrested them on Thursday.

When the officer saw his man on the road he ordered him to stop. This he refused to do, and applied the whip to his horse. A lively race ensued for some distance, when, suddenly turning to one side of the road, the thief's wagon upset, and he was soon in the hands of the officer. The prisoners were taken before Justice Vanderlyn, in New Paltz, and were committed to the county jail in this city to await the action of the grand jury. The woman, who claims to be the

wife of the thief, gives the following account of her husband:

"He formerly was engaged in the tobacco and cigar business in St. Louis, where he was known as Guy Manning. He lost his wife there and then came to Philadelphia, where he went into business under the name of Harry L. Davis. I met him in Philadelphia and married him. Last July we came to New York city, where he entered into business. He got into trouble and we came up the Hudson River as far as Poughkeepsie by boat on Monday of last week. On Wednesday we started on foot toward New Paltz, which place we reached at about 12 o'clock at night. My husband then left me and said he would wake up some one and try and trade for a horse. In a short time he returned with the horse and wagon, and we started on our way to Elmira."

The thief gives his name as Harry Doran, and says that he traded jewelry for the rig. It is thought by the local detectives that he is a professional horse thief, and that the woman is an accomplice. Constable Chase drove about 130 miles while following in his track, and received the reward of \$50 which was offered.

### THE HORRORS OF RUSSIAN CRIMINAL LAW.

### How Tyrants Kill the Spirit of Liberty—Shocking Practices.

As to the manner in which Nihilists are treated in prison the following case may serve as an example: L. H. for a small press offence in November. He was placed in a cell so small that it was almost impossible to stand upright in it, while walking was out of question. The window was broken, and the stoveless dungeon soon filled with snow and ice. L. H., who had only his trousers and shirt on when imprisoned, was left without any additional clothing, without being even for one moment removed from this cell for five months. The only covering given him was a thin blanket, thrown in at night and taken away in the morning. The fact that torture is applied in Russian jails is so well known that the relatives and friends of prisoners continually try to convey them poison in order that these unhappy victims may escape the terrible sufferings they are subjected to. The mother of H—, herself supplied her son with prussic acid "in case he should be questioned." In the case of Solovieff, one Trapp publicly boasted "he would soon make the prisoner speak in all tongues," a boast which he would undoubtedly try to execute but for the threats of the Nihilist Committee, who so effectively intimidated the prison authorities that Solovieff was "only hanged." "We willingly risk our lives," a Russian exile said to me lately, "we die gladly in our cause; the only thing we do fear is the torture. Most of us carry poison; but this is now so well known that doctors are always in attendance to administer antidotes at the first sign of poison having been taken."

#### BEAUTY AS A SHIELD.

### A Midnight Picture That Prevented a Robbery.

#### [Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of desperadoes who had been committing many acts of crime were recently captured and lodged in a Galveston (Tex.) jail. While confined one of them gave a reporter an extended account of their lives and adventures. According to the narrative, both are more or less imbued with that spirit of gallantry so much admired by young ladies and men of a romantic turn of mind. Situated in the outskirts of the city is a wealthy merchant's residence, and rumor had it among outlaws that it was a "good crib to crack." Both of these men determined to try their luck, and after a little trouble effected an entrance. On turning their bull's-eye lanterns on the room they discovered two handsome ladies, daughters of the merchant, locked in each other's arms, sleeping sweetly. The sight of so much loveliness and innocence unnerved them for the purpose in view. Their sense of chivalry was touched, and after a few moments of admiration they retraced their steps, each admitting that it would be a shame to commit an act that would injure the feelings of two such lovely girls. Beauty proved more potent than avarice.

### A Chance for the Lady Readers of the Police Gazette.

MARSHALL, TEXAS, October 10, 1889.

EDITOR NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE:

Dear Sir:—Please insert in your paper, if any space to such articles is allowed, and if not too much trouble for so little pay as a constant reader confers, the following few lines:

To any lady that is determining at some day to become a wife and is not exceeding twenty-five years of age, of perfect character, whether poor or rich, and of perfect health, and not deformed, can find a suitor in myself, a farmer with a good home and plenty of land, but no money except daily earnings from produce raised on my farm. By addressing J. I. B., care T. P. Twyman, Marshall, Texas, you can learn any and all you wish. Ladies, let me hear from you.

I am respectfully,

JOHN I. BROWN.

#### Bound to See.

#### [Subject of Illustration.]

"To be in fashion" may be quite a commendable thing, but it is not always pleasant for old-fashioned people to have too many slaves to this condition around. An old couple at Fonda, N. Y., recently attended church. Right in front of them sat two young ladies with fashionable, sky-scraping hats, which completely shut out all view of the pulpit and minister. Thereupon the old folks got up and sat upon the back of the seat. The attention of the audience was of course attracted, and the ladies had to adjourn.



## TOM HYER,

The First Champion Pugilist of America.

[With Portrait.]

Tom Hyer was the first champion of America and the greatest pugilist that ever stood in a ring in this country. He was born Jan. 1, 1819. He stood 6 feet 2½ inches in height and weighed 180 pounds. Hyer only fought two battles in the ring, but that was owing to the fact that all the pugilists, after his great battle with Yankee Sullivan, fought shy of meeting the native born American champion.

Hyer's first battle was with George McCloskey, better known as "Country McCloskey." The latter was a tall, muscular specimen of humanity, a plucky pugilist and a great fighter.

McCloskey stood 6 feet in height and weighed 180 pounds. The fight took place at Caldwell's Landing, N. Y., on September 9, 1841.

McCloskey stood up and faced the terrible blows of Hyer until one hundred rounds had been fought, and refused to succumb. Hyer, vexed with Country's obstinacy, exclaimed, "O, let him come in, let him come in; I'll kill him this time." Again the plucky McCloskey came to the scratch, when Hyer knocked him around like a shuttlecock.

Sullivan then insisted on McCloskey not fighting any more, but the latter pleaded, but it was no use. Sullivan, knowing he could not win, threw up the sponge, and Hyer was declared the winner in 101 rounds, fought in 2 hours and fifty-five minutes.

Although Yankee Sullivan witnessed Hyer fight McCloskey, and saw him deliver blows that might have killed McCloskey, the plucky Sullivan had the courageous audacity to challenge him. A match was made for \$10,000 a side, and the pugilists fought at Rock Point, Md., Jan. 10, 1849.

Country McCloskey and Johnny Ling seconded Sullivan, and Joe Winrow and Tom Burns attended on Hyer. Sullivan was over-matched, but his backers thought his great endurance and pluck, backed up by his science, would carry him through.

The battle was a terrific one, and Hyer won in 16 rounds, fought in 18 minutes and 17 seconds. Sullivan was so terribly punished that he had to be taken to Mount Sinai Hospital in Baltimore.

Hyer was then matched to fight John Morrissey, but the latter forfeited \$700. Afterwards they agreed to fight, and met at the Abbey, in New York, on October 20, 1854. Hyer's gang was outnumbered, and he produced revolvers for himself and Morrissey to fight with, but the latter declined.

Hyer then issued a challenge to fight William Perry, alias "Tipton Slasher," for \$20,000, but he did not accept and Hyer was left alone as no one dared to meet him.

Tom Hyer was a generous, whole-souled man, and when Sullivan was arrested and put in jail for fighting Morrissey, Hyer raised the amount necessary to secure his release. He was a son of Jacob Hyer who fought Tom Beasley in 1814, and battered until his arm was broken.

During Hyer's life in New York he had several rough turn-ups. In 1855 Lew Baker, who killed Bill Poole, with a gang, attempted to assassinate Hyer, who was a champion of the Know Nothing party and a thorough American. It was in a row over Morrissey's challenge to fight Hyer. Baker and Turner, his confederate, shot at Hyer, one ball grazing his neck. Hyer told Turner that he was armed, but that he did not want to kill him, and with that he turned and discharged his pistol at the wall.

It was throwing an act of grace away on a dog, however. The smoke was still curling from the muzzle of Hyer's revolver when he saw the reflection of Turner in a mirror in front of him, in the act of cocking his pistol.

This was too much even for Tom's good nature. Wheeling swiftly, he grasped Turner by the neck and threw him to the floor.

While engaged in finishing him, Baker attacked Hyer from behind, using the butt of his revolver on his head, until Hyer suddenly turned on Baker and served him the same as he had Turner.

This lively encounter was witnessed by more than a dozen persons, a majority of whom were the friends of Turner and Baker, but not one showed any inclination to lend a hand, and when an officer came down into the saloon he declined to interfere, notwithstanding he was ordered by Hyer to arrest Baker.

Hyer thereupon took hold of Baker and dragged him from the saloon to the street. Baker struggled fiercely while Hyer was bridging him up the stairs, and he managed to cut Hyer's fingers with a knife, but Hyer maintained his grip, and kicked him into the gutter with the vigor he well deserved. Hyer died in New



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

TOM HYER, THE FIRST CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF AMERICA.—PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE BY JOHN WOOD, 208 BOWERY, N. Y.

York city on June 26, 1864, of cordial dropsy, aged forty-five years five months and twenty-six days. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery on June 28, 1864.

At New Bloomfield, Pa., while out hunting, ex-Sheriff Williamson accidentally discharged his gun and the load entered his right knee. The leg was amputated.

## HE COULDN'T KEEP AWAY.

Charges and Countercharges—A Music Teacher's Antics—Shooting a Young Man in the Company of His Discarded Wife.

The town of Avon, N. Y., was recently the scene of a very lively shooting fracas. Until within two or three months ago a man named A. V. Smith, who has pursued the vocation of music teacher, lived apparently happily with his wife in that quiet village and both were well thought of by the entire community.

One child was born to them, and nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of the household until the tongue of scandal connected the husband and father with a married woman of Genesee, whose character was not above reproach. Finally this alleged illegitimate intimacy became common talk and reached the ears of the wife who was so deeply shocked by the disgrace that she sought an immediate separation from her husband.

The wife was possessed of some property and offered her husband some \$600 if he would leave her forever. He appears to have accepted the terms, for about that time he went to Rochester to live, and has since been boarding at the Whitcomb House.

Thus matters went along peacefully enough until the occurrence about to be related. Some of the people blamed Mrs. Smith for forcing a separation, while a large majority thought she had acted discreetly in defense of her own virtuous character.

It appears that it has since come to the ears of the rejected husband that his late wife has not been as pure as she might have been since the separation, though of this not the slightest suspicion prevailed in the community. Smith, however, seems to have meditated upon a plan of public exposure, with the view in his mind perhaps of subduing the rough features of his own case.

At all events he went to Avon on the 15th inst., and some time during the night visited the premises where his wife resided and on satisfying his suspicions that his wife was not alone, he climbed to an upper window, effected an entrance to the house and descended to the apartments below. Here he encountered his wife in company with George Dorr, a young man about nineteen or twenty years of age.

The young man struck with terror and sought to make his escape, but Smith drew a revolver and threatened to shoot. He then offered to desist from injuring him if he would remain quiet where he was until neighbors could be called in to witness the situation of affairs. Dorr, however, was too terrified to accept any such terms and attempted to run away, whereupon Smith fired five shots at him in quick succession, two of which took effect in his legs, breaking a bone and inflicting injuries that will probably cripple the victim for life. Smith then went to the proper authorities and delivered himself up.

The Avon community generally condemn this dastardly assault, and think that Smith should have remained away from his wife after the discovery that they could not live together, and the mutual agreement to separate.

A revelation regarding the supposed disorderly conduct of Mrs. Smith causes universal surprise, and many refuse to believe that she was actuated by other than honorable motives in her relations with young Dorr. She is a rather prepossessing young lady, not more than twenty-four years of age. It is expected that when the case comes before the courts some interesting testimony will be brought in.

## A FATAL TATTOO.

What a Husband Discovered, and How a Couple Were Separated.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The pretenses which a man naturally jealous will find to keep the fire of family discord up to a white heat is forcibly illustrated in the case of a man who shortly after his marriage made a discovery in the morning on arising which ruined his domestic peace forever. Previous to her marriage his wife had had another suitor, who was "the only man on earth" to her. While the tattooing mania was at its height, she testified her love for her lover by having his name pricked on her ankle. Subsequently the engagement was broken off, and they parted forever. She solaced herself, however, a short time after by giving her affections to another, and was rewarded by obtaining a husband. The latter was of a very jealous nature, and construed every act into inconsistency on her part. But the worst of all was when he discovered the name of the former lover where it had been printed. After that nothing could prove to him that she was true. He harped continually on the subject. A divorce was wanted to end the misery.



WHAT LED TO A DIVORCE—A NEWLY-MADE BENEDICT DISCOVERS THE NAME OF A FORMER LOVER OF HIS WIFE'S ON HER ANKLE, AND MAKES IT THE BASIS OF A SUIT FOR DIVORCE; GALVESTON, TEX.



## THE DEJARNETTES.

## A Brother's Butchery of a Sister For Her Sin—A Picture of the Past.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

DANVILLE, Va., Oct. 19, 1890.—James Thomas Dejarnette, the young man that murdered his sister, Mollie, in Blonde Hall, a house of ill fame, in this city on July 8th. last, was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hung on the 29th of October. He has just been granted a new trial and will have a hearing December 16th.

Little has been said of the lives of these people before the enacting of the above mentioned tragedy. Let us then take a look at the past.

In the summer of 1863, a happier family could not be found than the occupants of an old-time residence situated in Caswell county, N. C., known as Dr. Dejarnette's. Entering the walk that leads to the house, a gentleman with long, black whiskers descends the steps and offers us a hand as white as a lady's, and as he bids us enter, we recognize a gentleman of the old school in Dr. Dejarnette. Mrs. Dejarnette next makes her appearance, a handsome woman of twenty-two or three, and ere long a little boy and girl march hand-in-hand into our presence, and for the first time we see Thomas and Mollie Dejarnette. It is indeed a lovely picture; the little boy is ever alive to his sister's pleasure. The parents look on with pleasure and pride mingled together; ah, but who can tell what the morrow will bring forth?

Two years later the "sunny south" is but a shadow of her former self. The ravages of war has swept like a monster hurricane over the land leaving naught but ruin and desolation in its wake. The Dejarnettes are bowed down with grief at their great loss; and after a year or so of toll the Doctor is laid to rest, and Mrs. Dejarnette for a year or so fights the battle of life with a will to keep together her little household, but necessity compels her to look around for a home for her little ones.

Young Thomas, through influential friends, gets a situation as messenger boy in a telegraph office in Danville, and here he remained until two years ago when he received the appointment as operator and depot agent at Brown Summit, N. C. Up to a year back young Dejarnette gave his earnings to his mother and was in every way a promising young man. Finally, he fell desperately in love with a young lady of loose morals, and Dejarnette, being of a jealous disposition, was half his time in trouble. He then took to the native drink—corn whisky. On one of his trips home he thought his mother had not spent some money as she ought and made an attempt to kill her with a knife.

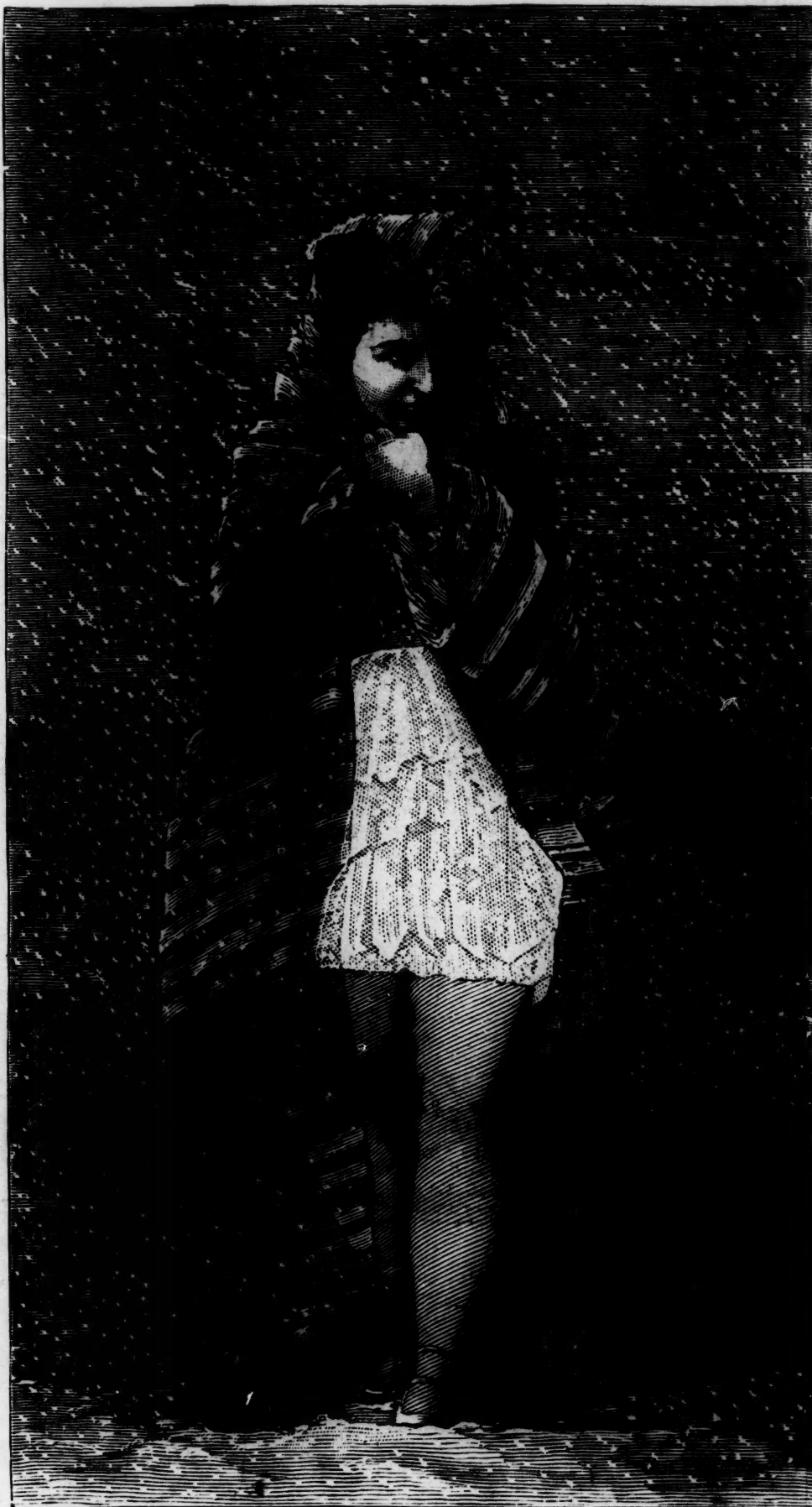
On his return to Brown Summit Miss Jennie Maury, his lady love, had purchased her a black and tan. Young Dejarnette was so enraged at the idea that he borrowed a gun and shot the dog. After this Miss Maury was not only the banker of his heart but of his pocket book also.

About two years before Thomas went to Brown Summit, Mollie was placed in the family of Colonel Thomas M. Holt of North Carolina. Here she felt and knew that she was looked down upon because of her poverty.

She at last decided upon a bold step. Under the cover of night she made her way to the nearest railway station and boarded the train for Danville, Va. Reaching Danville, she soon found employment in the family of Daniel Decherts as housekeeper.

In the family was a young man—Edwin Luther Decherts, a printer, that by kindness to the poor girl soon won her affections, and under promise of marriage, soon accomplished her ruin. The family moved to Harrisonburg and the young man promised to send for her. She, poor girl, followed on receipt of a letter, saying if she would come to Harrisonburg he would fulfill his promise.

Before the young girl reached Harrisonburg young Dechert had begun to associate with the upper tens, and when she did arrive he and his father thrust her "out in the cold."



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

M'LE HELENE MINZELLI, PREMIERE DANSEUSE.

For full history of her life, and portrait in "Black Crook" costume, see great book FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES, which contains portraits, in stage costume, of all the leading actresses of Europe and America, with history of their lives. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. Price 30 cents.

A gentleman learning of her helpless condition, paid her way back to Danville. She soon drifted to Charlotte, N. C., and found employment in a family and remained until they moved away. She was then taken sick and her earnings soon vanished, and she was again left to a charitable world.

The railroad men learning that she was a sister to young Dejarnette, at the Summit, telegraphed him of condition, but as day after day went by no answer came, they made up a purse and paid her way to Danville. Here she again found employment as a waiter girl in a boarding-house.

Tempted by the glitter and glare of "Blonde Hall," she entered and sold herself for bread. One week was sufficient to point out the old adage, "That all that glitters is not gold." She then wrote to her brother telling him of her fallen condition and begging him to come and take her away, not to receive her as a sister, but promise her a place where she might live in seclusion and repent of her past deeds in humble supplication to her Maker.

He came—as a brother? No. But as a fiend in human shape; he entered her room, and as she lay at his feet begging him to save her life, shot her five times in rapid succession.

After young Dejarnette was arrested he acknowledged the deed, and said, while the blood of his sister trickled down between his fingers "Yes, I shot her, and if I had it to do over I would do it again."

Mollie Dejarnette lingered in agony one week and died at peace with man and her Maker. During her illness she received every attention from the best people, and was buried beside her father in the old family burying ground.

Lella Lester, the landlady of "Blonde Hall," where Mollie was shot, is a very pretty blonde, from which the hall takes its name. She has figured in the demi-monde society of Danville for a number of years, and as the records will show, is a believer in self-defence, and when her jealousy or temper is aroused, all heed the warning "Look out for Lella."

## SHEVED HER RIGHT.

## An Elopement Nipped in the Bud by a Goat—"Stop Pulling, Charles."

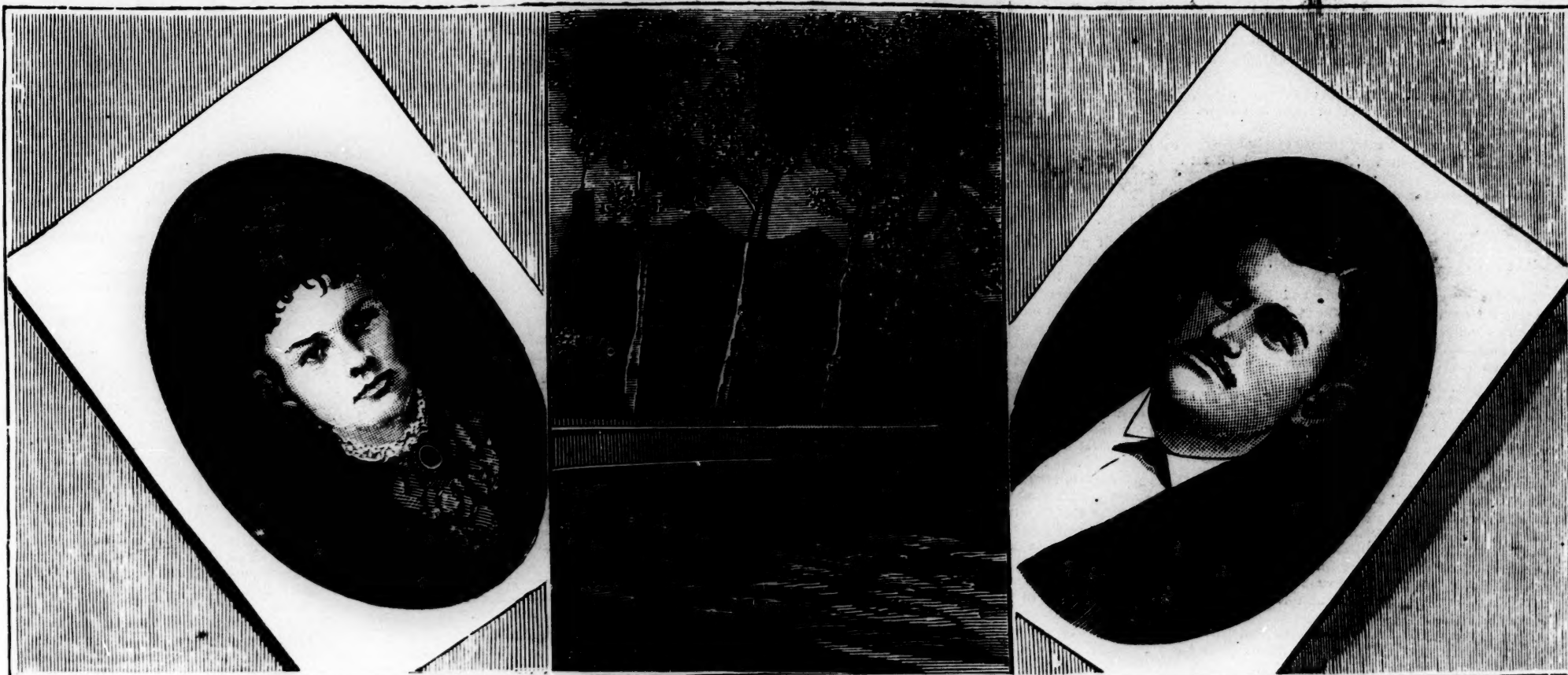
Once upon a time, a young lady, who desired to get up with the lark in order to go on an eloping tour, adopted the English girl's plan, and the lover was to be on hand at daybreak to give the signal. The string used for the pedal communication was a stout cord, and one end was dropped out of the third story window into the backyard, and the other end, of course, attached to the damsel's great toe. And the legend runs, a healthy goat, of the William persuasion, arose betimes the next morning to look for the early worm, as it were, and wandered into the yard. After eating up all the tomato cans, barrel staves, and broken crockery ware, he found the string and took that as a desert. As soon as the cord was drawn taut the goat stood up on his hind legs and gave the cord an impulsive jerk. The girl awoke. The goat gave another sudden pull and the maiden jumped out of bed with a smothered cry of pain. Then she stooped down to detach the cord just as the ridiculous beast gave another violent jerk, and she lost her equilibrium—and nearly lost her toe in the bargain, the cord cutting into the tender flesh. She sprang to the window, and called out in a hoarse whisper:

"Stop pulling, Charles, I'll be down in a minute."

Then she made another effort to untie the cord, but the persistent goat made several angry bobs with his head, and each time the girl gave a cry of pain. Again she shortly called out in darkness:

"Charles, if you don't stop jerking that way, I'll not come down at all."

She was answered by another savage pull, and the cry of anguish that broke from her lips brought her mother into the room with a look of alarm and a lighted lamp. The young lady fainted, the elopement was nipped in the bud, and the disappointed maiden's big toe was sore for two weeks. The goat escaped.



MOLLIE AND THOMAS DEJARNETTE—"BLONDE HALL," THE HOUSE OF ILL FAME WHERE YOUNG DEJARNETTE SHOT HIS SISTER FOR BRINGING DISGRACE UPON THEIR FAMILY; DANVILLE, VA.



## THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

**Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters Between Pugilists of the Past and Present.**

### THE OPENING GREAT BATTLES FOUGHT IN 1859.

**How Shanghai Connors, of St. Louis, Was Whipped by Jim Burns, of New Orleans; and How Jack Looney Ornamented Joe Cole in 23 Rounds, Lasting 40 Minutes.**

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK, BY WM. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

In the spring of 1859 pugilism in America was all the rage, and the sporting men were eagerly looking forward to the arranging of a second match between John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," and John Morrissey.

Heenan was not satisfied with the result of the great battle with Morrissey at Long Point, and was even anxious to again meet his conqueror in the arena.

Morrissey, however, did not appear willing under any consideration to again meet the great pugilist, and why he refused to do so was always been a mystery that no sporting man could unravel.

It is understood, however, that the reason Morrissey would not make a second match with Heenan was that he was unable to travel owing to injuries he received from Heenan's sledge-hammer blows delivered in the great contest at Long Point.

When Heenan challenged Morrissey the last time, the latter said to Heenan: "Go and fight Tom Sayers for the championship of the world. If you win, then I will fight you for \$10,000."

It was this twitting remark of Morrissey's that made Heenan ambitious to win the championship of the world and led to his challenging Tom Sayers.

Following Morrissey's advice, Heenan issued a general challenge to fight any man in the world for \$1,000 or \$2,000. It was expected that Aaron Jones, who had fought Tom Sayers, would meet Heenan; but the latter was eager to fight Tom Sayers, who at that period held the champion belt in England, so that there was no chance of a match being arranged then between England and America, to be fought on American soil, owing to these circumstances.

Heenan in the meantime gained hosts of friends, and they were eager to back or match him against any pugilist in the world.

John Woods, of Boston, better known as Cockey Woods, a tall heavy-weight pugilist, accepted Heenan's challenge and a forfeit was put up to bind a match for the two rivals to fight in Florida. It fell through, and Heenan had then no resource but to look for an opponent in England.

In the meantime the lesser lights of the pugilistic world talked, challenged, bragged and fought. The first important fight in 1859 was between Dan Kerrigan, of the Fourth ward, New York, and Joe Jones, of Boston. The stakes were only \$75, and the fight took place at Manchester, N. H.

Jones was no match for Kerrigan, who put him to sleep without much rocking after 21 rounds, lasting 43 minutes, had been fought.

On the same day that Kerrigan was whipping Jones in New Hampshire, Andy Lane, one of the first famous native-born pugilists of America, died in Philadelphia. Lane stood 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighed 170 pounds. His last battle in the ring was in 1834.

The next battle was fought at Hamilton, C. W., on Jan. 23, 1859.

The principals were Maurice Sullivan, better known as "Gillie," and Frank Graham. It was a sharp, short and desperate battle and Graham knocked Sullivan out of "time" in fifteen minutes, during which five rounds were fought.

At Dover, Del., on the same afternoon, Tim Sullivan whipped Joe Britton, after a slashing battle. Sullivan's left eye was closed and his right was fast closing out the daylight, when he landed a swinging left-hander on Britton's jaw, breaking it, and won the fight, which lasted one hour and ten minutes.

At Memphis, Tenn., on the 10th of February, 1859, Jim Coburn, a brother to Joe Coburn, and Mat Hogan were matched to fight for \$500.

Sporting men in the South expected to witness a rattling mill, but were disappointed, as Hogan paid forfeit and backed down.

Several small affairs followed, but they are not worth mentioning.

Charleston, S. C., furnished the next prize fight. It was between Jim McConville and young "Dutch Sam." The battle was decided on Sullivan's Island, on March 2d, 1859.

Dutch Sam weighed 121 pounds and McConville was twenty-nine pounds heavier. The stakes were only \$100, but there was great interest manifested in the fight owing to the fact that McConville's friends were confident that their man would win, as his opponent was such a strip-ling.

Dutch Sam was a clever scientific boxer and his backers were equally as confident that this great point in their champion's favor would over-balance McConville's advantage in weight. There was brisk speculation on the result.

Phil Carlin and Hen Winkle seconded Dutch Sam, while Mike Cavanaugh and his brother James done the needful for McConville.

It was a one-sided battle and proved that a clever light-weight pugilist can whip unsentient heavy-weights.

Sam would rush in and bang Mac on the left eye and jump back, avoid McConville's rushes and then deliver one or two on his damaged face, until it resembled a half-broiled beefsteak.

In four rounds, just lasting six minutes, Dutch Sam won the fight by artistically blinding McConville. Sam came out without a scratch. The result of the fight created quite a surprise among McConville's friends, who claimed that he had been drugged.

A fresh match was made, however, and the stakes were doubled.

The pugilists met again at Cedar Grove Tavern,

Charlestown, S. C., on March 28th, 1859. Dutch Sam weighed 118 pounds and McConville 159 pounds.

Hen Winkle and Phil Carlin seconded Sam, while this time McConville was seconded by Jack McLaughlin and Martin Roddy.

It was a singular fight. Sam hit McConville whenever he desired to do so, until both his eyes were nearly closed.

McConville lost his temper, committed a foul, and Sam was declared the winner. The fight lasted for five rounds, fought in 13 minutes.

At this time Heenan was giving sparring exhibitions. Aaron Jones had opened a gymnasium in New Orleans. Jimmy Massey, a noted English pugilist had arrived in America.

Tom Sayers, the English champion, had an idea of fighting Heenan, and Mike Walsh, one of the noted old time sporting men of New York was found murdered in a cellar.

Prize fights in New Orleans became all the rage and pugilism and its patrons were in their glory. Jim Burns of New Orleans, and Shanghai Connors of St. Louis, fought near the Metairie Bridge, New Orleans, on March 5, 1859.

Burns won after a stubborn battle in which both men were terribly punished. The fight lasted for 11 rounds, fought in 16 minutes.

Following this battle Jack Looney of St. Louis, who had twice fought Jim Coburn was matched to fight Joe Cole. The battle was decided on March 14, 1859, five miles from New Orleans.

Jack Taylor and Sam Morton seconded Cole, while Johnny Monaghan of New York and Con Quinn attended on Coburn. Seventeen rounds of the fight were well contested. Cole then had the advantage, as he appeared to have the most strength. Looney fought like a demon to turn the tables and the pugilists punished one another terribly.

The twenty-third round ended the battle. Looney fell, and Cole struck him while on the ground. Jack Mullen, the referee, then declared Looney the winner. The fight lasted 43 minutes, and at the close—bar the foul blow—Cole would have won.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The continued history of the American Prize Ring, which commenced in No. 141, illustrated sensational sketches of events transpiring all over the world, all the latest sporting news at home and abroad, with answers to correspondents, and the life and thrilling adventures of the Allen among the hard cases of New York, appears in next week's Gazette.

The Canadian sporting men who are with Hanlan in England complain that they cannot bet their money out on Hanlan unless they lay two to one. Australian sporting men are either short of funds or that "£10,000 subscribed by the New Zealand nabobs to back Trickett" has not arrived in England.

TRICKETT and Hanlan are both steadily training on the Tyne. English sporting men have now a good opportunity to judge who will win—the oarsman whose champion claim rests upon his beating Joseph Sadler, after the latter had seen twelve years' hard professional service, and the man who combines a grace and dexterity never before equaled with a speed which is about three furlongs in four miles faster than that of Higgins, Elliott, Boyd, or the best of our latest English school of scullers.

In 1859 Flora Temple first trotted in the "teens," scoring 2:10½, and so wonderful was it considered that the length of the track was seriously doubted. Not until 1867, when Dexter made 2:17½, was the record wiped out. Four years elapsed before Goldsmith Maid, in 1871, lowered the time to 2:17. In 1872 the same gallant mare chipped off another quarter of a second, while in 1874 she lowered it successively to 2:16, 2:15½, 2:14½, and 2:14, but at this time none but she could beat herself. Four years later, in 1878, Rarus wrested the honors from the Maid, trotting in 2:13½, but his crown was snatched from him by St. Julien in the fall of 1879, when he trotted in 2:12½. St. Julien during the present season lowered the record with Maud S. to 2:11½. Again the former beats the double performance and trots at Hartford in 2:11½. Maud S. then closes the season by beating all records and trotting in 2:10½.

H. L. CORTES, the champion amateur bicycle rider of England, has accomplished another unprecedented performance on the bicycle. On September 23, at Surbiton, England, Cortes undertook to ride 20 miles in one hour, being allowed an unlimited number of riders to coach him. He failed in his attempt, but continued on until he had covered 25 miles—his times, from 11 to 14 miles and from 19 to 25 miles, being the best amateur performance on record. After riding ten miles Cortis increased his pace and began to beat the records. At the end of fourteen miles he was 4m. 25s. ahead of the best time on record. From here to the eighteenth mile, Cortis was unable to beat his previous best, but at nineteen miles he was found to have beaten Mr. C. H. T. Christie's (O. U. B. C.) performance at the Oxford University Ground, on May 10, 1879, by 3m. 33-5s. All previous records were now beaten, and when the hour was up Cortis was found to have ridden 19 miles 1,420 yards. The twentieth mile was scored in 1 hour 38-2-5 seconds, thus being 3m. 14s. better than Christie's time. Continuing on, the "doctor" seemed determined to make a long list of "bests," and eventually finished twenty-five miles in 1h. 16m. 41-3-5s., thus defeating Mr. W. L. Ainslie's (O. U. B. C.) record for that distance (1h. 19m. 23s.), made at the Oxford University Ground, May 10, 1879, by 2 minutes 41-2-5 seconds, and also the professional time of John Keene by 4 minutes 13-2-5s.

The postponed prize fight for a purse of \$200 between Harry Hill's champion Mullery of Providence, and Martin Neary, better known in sporting circles as Fiddler Neary, was to have been fought on the 22d inst. Neary will not fight for two months, for one of his friends who studies his welfare and is aware that no pugilist can enter the ring untrained has sent him, free of all expenses, into strict training quarters for sixty days. Neary will have more than one trainer and his diet will be limited and restricted. Admirers of the pugilist who desire to witness his training routine can do so by visiting Blackwell's Island. Since Neary fought Mullery in the stable in Houston street, he has been practicing for the second match on various parties. He recently whipped a man in Newark, then he had a rough-and-tumble with a noted cyprian. Last Friday he had a fisticuff match with an individual who claimed a foul. A policeman acted as referee and decided against Neary. The pugilist appealed to the stakeholder, the Judge, who sent Neary into his present training quarters and charged him \$10 for the fair decision. Neary's eagerness to fight has put an end to the proposed mill and the Wall street brokers and the members of the Raquette Club who were to pay \$10 per ticket are disappointed. After Neary slings the sledge in the stone quarry on the island of Blackwell he will be able to fight Paddy Ryan, let alone Mullery. The latter will also have to go through a hardening process to be prepared to stand in front of Neary after the strength he will derive from the regular living, excellent food and healthy exercise during his two months in his training quarters.

## THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE NUMEROUS CITIES AND TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY WILL BE SURE AND FORWARD ALL SPORTING MATTER AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT EACH WEEK.

TRICKETT will be Hanlanized on November 15, on the Thames.

A new trotting track is being built at Jamaica, L. I., by J. A. Desbrow.

LUKE BLACKBURN has won twenty-one out of twenty-three races this season.

O'LEARY, Dobler, Guion and Charley Davis have arrived in London, England.

THE turf season is fast drawing to a close, and Maud S.'s 3:10½ will not be beaten.

IDA DAVIS, the famous racehorse, died on the 13th inst. at Paducah, Ky., of lung fever.

CORTES, the sensational bicycle wonder of Great Britain, is about to pay a visit to America.

RICHARD McMANUS, a noted sporting man of Boston, is Hosmer's principal backer in England.

In all future rifle meetings under the auspices of the N. R. A., professional riflemen will be excluded.

DOBLER'S \$500 arrived in the *Sporting Life* office on time and he will start in the Astley Belt contest November 1.

THE Coney Island Jockey Club will distribute \$130,000 in added money to stakes and purses next season.

THE Australian cricket team, during their visit to England, played 36 games, won 20, lost 4 and played 12 drawn games.

THE Australian cricketer's visit to England was a paying one. The team are now on the way home with a capital of \$20,000.

At Council Bluffs, Omaha, Charles Stewart, the variety performer and pedestrian, in a fifty-hour walking-match covered 168½ miles.

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD of California, has purchased from Theodore Winters the race horse Shannon, a full brother to Mollie McCarthy.

TRICKETT and Laycock, the Australian oarsmen, are trying to induce the manager of the International regatta to have the race rowed in heats.

On Oct. 18, at Hoboken, N. J., the Harvard College Cricket Club defeated Columbia College, winning by one inning and 27 runs. Harvard made 110 runs.

THE Providence base ball nine have disbanded and the players have returned to their homes still in search of the championship, which can be found at Chicago.

THE six-day, twelve hours a day, go-as-you-please pedestrian race at Birmingham, England, was won by Novemac of Scotland. He covered 380 miles and won easily.

COLEMAN SMITH, of Oswayo, Penn., writes that John C. Peckham on October 8th, ran 200 yards, 5 feet, up hill, starting from the crack of the pistol, in twenty seconds.

THE Maple Leafs won the Canadian base-ball championship, and were recently presented with a silver-mounted rose-wood bat by George Sleeman, President of the C. A. A. B. P.

At the Wallace sale of trotting stock the great trotter Darby, 2:10½, was bought by Mr. James Flanagan, of the firm of Flanagan & Wallace, for \$18,000; a very cheap bargain.

WARBURTON, the famous English runner, has wagered £100 that he will run 30 miles in 3 hours. The race takes place at either London, Manchester or Birmingham, England, on Dec. 27.

WARREN E. SMITH has sailed from Halifax for London, Eng. The Halifax Rowing Association expect him to win the first prize in the International-American regatta to be held on the Thames.

At London, England, on Oct. 5, Laycock and Howdon posted £50 each to row from Putney to Mortlake, for £200. The race is to take place on Nov. 13. Hawdon is training with Wm. Elliott, the ex-champion, on the Tyne.

On October 18, at Baltimore, Donald J. Swan of the Baltimore Gun Club, defeated Howell J. Buckley of the Philadelphia Gun Club, in shooting at 100 birds each, 30 yards rise, for a \$500 champion cup. Swan killed 79, Buckley 69.

On September 13, at Westminster, London, Eng., Miss Agnes Beckwith completed the wonderful feat of swimming 100 out of 138 hours, in a tank. Miss Beckwith is a daughter of Prof. Beckwith, and only nineteen years of age.

YALE, Columbia, Princeton and Harvard are to play for the college football championship. According to the new rules, "safety touchdown" will not be scored, and teams of eleven a side, instead of fifteen as formerly, will constitute the rival teams.

In England the Middle Park plate, this year was won by Mrs. W. S. Crawford's chestnut colt St. Louis, by Hermit, out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni. He beat a field of sixteen, and will at once be installed first favorite for the Epsom Derby of 1881.

ROWELL and Hazael, the English pedestrians, won a fortune in this country and carried it to England. A regiment of American athletes and oarsmen have gone over to win some of it back again, and there is every prospect of their being successful.

HAZEL, Corkey, Littlewood and Day will not start in the Astley belt contest in England on Nov. 1. The only pedestrians that posted their \$500 before the entries closed were Pegram, Howard and Dobler of America, and Rowell and Blower Brown of England.

WESTON two months ago announced that he was to attempt to beat the best six-day-go-as-you-please time on record at Providence, R. I. It appears that he has changed his mind. The public are anxious to read of Weston covering 565 miles in 140 hours.

THE shin-barking, blood-letting, limb-bruising and face-mashing popular game of foot ball is about to commence. Students of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton will then sport black eyes, broken fingers and dislocated ankles and shoulders in place of the traditional eyeglasses.

CON OREM, the Pacific slope champion pugilist,

who was whipped by Owney Geoghegan after a desperate battle, and who has figured in numerous encounters in the ring, has given up pugilism. He is now the proprietor of a blacksmith shop out in Montana, and doing a thriving business.

THE Harrison sisters, Alice and Lottie, the famous burlesque and musical artists, under the management of Martin L. Hanley, have created quite a furore in Arkansas theatrical circles. On Oct. 15 they were the great attraction at the Grand Opera House. The Harrisons under the management of Martin L. Hanley, is the most talented troupe on the American stage.

At Brighton, England, W. Mitchell, the billiardist, allowed R. Topping 1,500 in 2,000. Mitchell not only won the game but made the unprecedented run of 1,889, the largest run ever made in Great Britain. Mitchell pocketed the red ball 612 times, and made the 2,000 points in 1h. 35m. Mitchell's performance makes him one of the kings of the billiard world.

At the recent athletic championship meeting in New York, a very injudicious feature was the offer of a stand of so-called championship flags to the club whose members should score the most points. A most intense and insane rivalry for the possession of these flags sprang up between two clubs of this city, and what should have been a manly contest degenerated in a guerrilla warfare.

At Providence, R. I., during the past week, Duncan C. Ross, the Canadian Scotch athlete, defeated H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., in a wrestling match which comprised bouts at collar and elbow, catch-as-catch-can and side hold. The match of course was for the usual \$500 a side, and the traditional championship. How Duncan C. Ross defeated Dufur, an expert—in fact the champion—is a mystery.

In the tug-of-war tournament held in New York on October 16, teams of four made up the sailors of the North German, Lloyd's, National, Inman and Cunard line of steamers competed. The weight of each team aggregate was 600 pounds. The contest was interesting. The Cunard team had the most beef, understood how to pull on a rope better than their opponents and captured the four gold champion medals.

THE champion oarsmen of the old and new world are now practicing on the Thames, London, England. Canada is represented by the champion, Hanlan; this country by such scullers as Riley, Hosmer, Ross and Smith; Australia by Trickett, and Laycock, and England by Elliott, Blackman, Boyd and others. With such good men in good fix, a grand programme should be arranged, and excellent races should follow.

LOOK out for the great book "The Champions of the American Prize Ring," which contains the portraits, history and battles of all the great pugilists that have fought for the championship of America from 1810 to the present time. Price 30 cents. Send on orders to R. K. Fox, Publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William street, New York, and the publisher of "Glimpses of Gotham," "Favorites of the Footlights," etc.

HARRY HILL had a grand opening at his sporting theatre on the 14th inst. He was presented with a Golden Eagle, which now stands between two lamps on the cupola of his theatre. It is said to be the largest in the country. All the principal boxers and wrestlers appeared and there was an excellent show. The theatre was packed by all the leading sporting men. Young Tom Lane and Dan Crutchev the English light-weight, had a capital bout with the gloves. Soules and Eagen, the Vermont champion wrestlers figured in a collar and elbow wrestling match, and Jimmie Kelly and Johnny McGrath fought three rounds amid the cheers of the crowd. The latter affair was the event of the day.

At Stone House, Scotland, recently, J. M. McDonaid and Jack McCann fought according to the rules of the London prize ring, for a purse of £100. A noted pugilist trained McDonald, who stands 5 feet 5 inches, and weighs 152 pounds, while Prof. Tom Donnelly, of London, trained McCann. The latter stands 5 feet 7½ inches in height, and weighs 154 pounds. The battle was stubbornly contested, and hard fighting characterized every round. McCann had "Twig," as McDonald is styled, whipped in twenty rounds, but he recovered and fought on gradually, regaining strength. In the thirty-second round McCann delivered a terrible right-hander on McDonald's nose, between the eyes, and he fell senseless. On time being called for the next round his seconds failed to revive him, and McCann was declared the winner. The fight lasted 1h. and 20m.

In regard to the great struggle on the Thames between Hanlan and Trickett, for £400 and the championship of the world, *The Referee*, London, England, says: If words alone would settle the question of superiority, then is Hanlan an easy winner. He is rowing in better form than when he so easily disposed of the best man England could pit against, and unless appearances are unnaturally deceptive, will win. Hanlan, when stripped, gives the lie direct to all that has been said by interested tattlers as to illness and dis-benefit. Burnt children dread the fire; and, after experiences which are yet fresh, he would be a bold man who committed himself to a plump vote as to the probable issue of any professional boat race. Trickett displayed an unsuspected amount of merit on the day he met Sadler and won the proud title of "champion of the world." He is a man of immense physique, and, though his championship appears to fit him worse when in a boat than any other time, he may yet by sheer strength be able to do as he did before and flabbergash the English "talent." Furthermore in Trickett's favor, there is, to set against this latent power always so ready at the right moment, the knowledge that Hanlan has a faculty for developing stitches and spasms when they are least expected. After his recent rupture, he is hardly safe to speculate unduly on the strength of his being "better than ever." There is, as a great philosopher once observed, something in everything. Were it not for the wonderful reserve of force possessed by the Australian, and the equally wonderful weakness and facility at falling off possessed by the Canadian, the race would not at all be interesting. When a prospect is exceptionally advantageous for one man—when it looks as though it was a million to one on him—appearances are often enough too good to be true; and there can be no disguising the fact that according to all appearances it is a million to one on Hanlan. As I take it, the conventional term, a million to one, means the odds against a man falling out of his boat, breaking one of his sculls, or being seized with Seekonk syncope. Repeatedly I have read in English, American and Australian newspapers that a large amount of money is in reserve for the purpose of backing Trickett. Up to the present, those who hold it are displaying considerable generalship. There are certainly no signs of a purse at all commensurate with the vapors of the Australian papers when the match was first mentioned. Perhaps Trickett's commissioners are biding their time.

In next week's issue of the Gazette will appear a portrait and sketch of Yanker Sullivan, with other interesting and national sporting matter which makes the Police Gazette the leading illustrated sporting paper in America.



## SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

ALL QUESTIONS SENT US PERTAINING TO SPORTING MATTERS WILL BE ANSWERED, AND CAN BE RELIED ON AS BEING CORRECT—LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND ALL COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING AFFAIRS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

## Answers to Correspondents.

SAM, Olean, N. Y.—Coburn and Price fought on May 1st, 1880.

H. W., Scranton, Pa.—Ned O'Baldwin fought Marsden twice in England.

H. W., Olean, N. Y.—Lady Suffolk trotted in 161 races, winning 88 and losing 73.

C. E., North Haven, N. B.—Write to John Woods, 208 Bowery, New York; he will furnish them.

W. C., Alabama.—Jefferson Davis was elected President of the Southern Confederacy on Feb. 8, 1861. General Corcoran.

J. W., Portsmouth, N. H.—Send for the POLICE GAZETTE No. 140 to date, and you will find therein an account of all the old prize ring battles.

SAM, Denver, Col.—Mr. Bonner paid \$33,000 for Dexter. 2. On O'Baldwin's arrival in this country he posted \$200 forfeit and offered to fight any man in the world.

BILLIARDIST, Hamilton, O.—The three largest billiard runs at the three ball game are: 1,581 by Vignaux, 1,103 by Slosson in Paris, and 690 by Schaefer in this country.

VINCENT, White Pine, Nev.—Tom King and John C. Heenan fought in England on December 10, 1868. King won in twenty-four rounds, lasting thirty-five minutes. 2. No.

W. G., Harrisburg, Pa.—We intend to publish portraits of all the noted pugilists in succession. The old Richmond Theatre was destroyed by fire on Dec. 26, 1811. See answer to S. W.

J. S., Austin, Texas.—Ethan Allen and running mate's time, in their race with Dexter at the Fashion Course, June 21, 1868, was as follows: 1st heat, 2:15; 2nd heat, 2:10; 3rd heat, 2:19.

H. W., Hornersville, N. Y.—Weston's best six-day record is 550 miles. Yes, it has been beaten by Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian of Boston, in this country, and Henry Blower Brown in England.

H. W., Chicago.—1. The last prize fight for the championship of England and belt was between Joe Wormald and Andrew Marsden, on Jan. 4, 1868. 2. Wormald won in 18 rounds, lasting 37 minutes.

M. H., St. Louis.—Send for "Glimpses of Gotham" and "Favorites of the Footlights." Both can be furnished at this office. You will find them the sensational books of the day—rich, racy and interesting.

S. W., Fortness Monroe.—At the burning of the old Richmond Theatre on Dec. 26, 1811, sixty-five lives were lost, including the Governor of Virginia. Forty-eight were ladies, six children, and eleven gentlemen. No.

AQUATIC, Buffalo, N. Y.—The Ward Brothers were beaten in a four-oared race for the championship by the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., on Oct. 21, 1868. The Wards won the four-oared championship of the world at Saratoga.

H. G., Titusville, Pa.—A referee can only act in the event of a disagreement of the judges. Should both judges agree, then the referee has nothing to say in the matter, unless clear proof is adduced of corruption on their part.

SPORT.—According to the rules, a dumb-bell must not be raised with a jerk, but pushed slowly over the head without any jerking or bending the knees. R. Pennell is the champion, and that is the way he elevates the dumb-bells.

TOWSER, East St. Louis.—We make no charge for answering questions. Sam Collyer's picture has already appeared in the GAZETTE. Send for back numbers, commencing with No. 140, and you will have a picture of nearly all the sports.

HOLLY BOY, Holyoke, Mass.—Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, beat Bill Davis in 48 rounds in 1 hour and 6 minutes, in Pike county, Pa., on May 16, 1865. Dunn also beat Jimmy Elliott at Bull's Ferry, N. Y., on May 13, 1865, in 12 rounds, lasting 35 minutes.

W. G., Memphis, Tenn.—The time of the steamboat R. E. Lee, from New Orleans, La., to Natchez, Miss., was sixteen hours, thirty-six minutes and forty-seven seconds. That of the Natchez, same distance, sixteen hours, fifty-one minutes and thirty seconds.

REGULAR, Council Bluffs.—Arthur Chambers is the light-weight champion pugilist of America, and able to hold that title against all comers since Billy Edwards has retired. George Rooke is the middle-weight and Paddy Ryan the heavy-weight champion.

D. M., Cleveland, O.—1. Jack Randall was born November 25, 1794, and weighed 146 pounds. He defeated Leonard, Jack Payne, Walton, G. Dodd, Ugly Buruk, West-country Dick, H. Holt, Abbey Belasco, Burke (gloves), Parish, McCarthy (turn-up), Burke, Turner, Martin (twice), and Jim Hood. He died March 12, 1848. 2. Owey Geoghegan, Bowery, New York, has the only picture of the great pugilist.

J. W., Leavenworth.—"Glimpses of Gotham" is a sensational, interesting book written on scenes and incidents of life in New York. It is full of illustrations, and two editions have already been sold. It is pronounced by press and public to be the best book of the kind published. It will be mailed to you on forwarding 28 cents in postage stamps. "Favorites of the Footlights" can be had from this office by mail for 38 cents.

BOXER, Burlington, Vt.—1. How can we decide whether Dufur or McMahon is the best wrestler? They have met and the contest ended in a draw. 2. Bendigo was champion of England in 1845. He beat Bill Faulkes, Ned Smith, Charley Martin, Lin Jackson, Tom Cox, Charles Skelton, Tom Burton, Bill Mason, Bill Winterhood, Bingham Champion, Ben Caunt (twice), Brassey, Young Langan, Bill Looney, Deaf Burke and Tom Paddock; he was beaten by Caunt once, owing to going down without a blow. In 1839 he beat Burke, claimed the championship and received a belt from Jim Ward.

J. P., Montreal.—Charles Collins, known by the inappropriate appellation of "The Cast Iron Man," fought George Rooke for \$1,000, 16 rounds, 1 hour and 15 minutes. The stakes were awarded to Collins on a claim of foul, which had no foundation in fact, the affair being considered a swindle. At the finish Rooke was scarcely marked, while Collins' face was beaten almost to a jelly, and his hands were badly pulled. He received \$5 out of the stakes. He never fought anybody else, and never contended for the championship; consequently his statement that he possesses "the champion belt" is not true.

Footlight, Leavenworth.—It would take too much space to

give all of Con Orem's battles. The following is a condensed record: Con Orem was born in Carroll county, Ohio. He fought Charley Delano, whom he defeated in three rounds, for \$200 a side, on April 6, 1861. The fight came off at Denver, Col. He defeated Enoch Davis in 100 rounds, in one hour and forty minutes, at Denver, for \$2,000 a side. He was beaten by Owey Geoghegan; received forfeit from Jimmy Elliott; fought a draw with Patsy Marley and Hugh O'Neill; beat Patsy Marley; beat Hugh O'Neill, and was beaten by Jimmy Dwyer, which was his last fight previous to his battle with McArdle, whom he defeated in 45 rounds. Time, one hour and thirty minutes.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that "the death of Wm. Poole was caused by a gun-shot wound, from a pistol in the hands of Lewis Baker, at Stanwix Hall, in Broadway, on the morning of the 25th of February, 1855." James Turner and Patrick McLaughlin, alias "Pugene," were also found guilty of aiding and abetting in the murder, and John Hylar, Cornelius Linn, Charles Van Pelt, John Morrissey and James Irwin as accessories before the fact. All, except Baker were locked up on the same evening on which the verdict was returned. 2. The ball was found embedded in the muscular tissue of the heart, in the septum, between the right and left ventricles, about midway between the apex of the heart and the base of the ventricles. 3. Yes, equal to, if not better, than any of his day. 4. The post mortem examination was made by Drs. Carnochan, Putnam, Fennell, Wood and Cheeseman. 5. He was shot between 12 and 1 o'clock on the morning stated, and died on March 8th, 1855.

H. W., San Jose, Cal.—1. Henry Maynard, the champion light-weight pugilist of the Pacific slope, was born at Lambeth, London, England, April 24, 1851. He stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 130 pounds. 2. The following are the only battles Maynard fought, or at least that we have any record of: At Napier, New Zealand, on February 14, 1871, he defeated George White in 25 rounds in 1h. 10m. At same place October 25, 1872, he beat Bob Scott in 4 rounds in 15 minutes. At Auckland, New Zealand, on April 2, 1873, he beat Dan Holmes the butcher, in 18 rounds in 50 minutes; at Thames, New Zealand, on December 4, 1873, he defeated Dan Gleason in 9 rounds in 30 minutes; at Sydney, New South Wales, Nov. 10, 1874, he beat Jack Barney in 6 rounds, lasting 20 minutes. Maynard left Australia in 1887 and arrived in California. 3. The following are his battles on the Pacific Slope: At San Jose, Cal., October 8, 1877, he defeated John McArdle in 6 rounds, 20 minutes, with gloves; at San Francisco, January 6, 1878, defeated Henry Reeker in 13 rounds in 45 minutes; in the same city, February 2, 1879, he beat Billy Reilly in 24 rounds in 58 minutes; in San Francisco on April 20, 1878, he fought a draw with Patsy Hogan of New York, six rounds were fought in 30 minutes; in the same city, on May 10, 1878, he defeated Barney Farley in 8 rounds in 24 minutes; on July 27, 1878, he fought Patsy Hogan of New York, for \$500 and the light-weight championship of the Pacific Slope at San Francisco, winning in 7 rounds, lasting 20 minutes. Maynard was then challenged by Arthur Chambers, but refused to fight any more.

The continued history of the American Prize Ring which commenced in No. 141, illustrated sensational sketches of events transpiring all over the world, all the latest sporting news at home and abroad, with answers to correspondents and the life and thrilling adventures of the Allen among the hard cases of New York, appears in next week's Gazette.

A DISPATCH from Halifax, N. S., says: A scull race has been arranged between John McKay of Dartmouth and John Brown of Herring Cove for \$500. The City Marshal will act as stakeholder. The course will be on the harbor, the same as that used for the championship race. The men are believed to be well matched.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE will go for the Princeton College football team when they meet to play for the championship, because the latter tried to keep Columbia out of the College Football Association. After the game both teams will no doubt sport black eyes, broken fingers and dislocated ankles and shoulders in place of the traditional eye-glasses. According to the rules of this shin-barking, blood-letting, limb-bruising game, everything of this kind is fair.

A Grand Sparring and Wrestling entertainment will be tendered to the celebrated boxer, Jimmy Kelly, by his numerous friends, at Harry Hill's sporting theatre, on Thursday afternoon, October 28, commencing at 3 o'clock. The grand wind-up will be a slashing glove contest between Jimmy Kelly and Johnny Morton, of London. Kelly and Morton have fought in the ring twice. The first was called a draw, after lasting two hours; the second battle was decided in favor of Kelly, Morton being thrown and dislocating his shoulder.

THE racing season of 1880 is nearly over, and we find that James McLaughlin—Dwyer Brothers' jockey—has had the most mounts and won the most races during the season. McLaughlin has rode in 194 races up to Oct. 14, 1880, and won 88. The following are the mounts and races won by the other principal jockeys: Shauer has had 121 mounts and won 39 races; Donahue out of 138 mounts has won 35; Costello has rode 85 races and won 25; Storal has had 101 mounts and captured 23 races; Hughes has rode 71 races, winning 22, and F. McLaughlin has had 86 mounts and won 21 races.

At New York, October 18, E. W. Soules of Fairfield, Vt., and Michael Donahue of New York, wrestled collar and elbow, best two in three back falls for \$200 a side and the belt emblematic of the championship of America. Donahue weighed 140 pounds, Soule 136 pounds. The struggle was interesting as both athletes are expert wrestlers. After an exciting bout Soule got a dangerous foothold, and landed Donahue squarely on his back. After ten minutes' rest the men again appeared, and began work, Donahue now pushing the contest. Donahue won the fall by an "outside-hook," and threw Soule heavily. He landed on his shoulder and broke his collar bone. Soule was unable to wrestle again and Donahue was declared the winner. The contest lasted 20 minutes. Edwin Bibby was referee. Soule is the second Vermont wrestler that has had the collar bone smashed by Donahue's muscle.

E. E. MERRILL of the Scottish-American Athletic Club of this city, recently went to Boston and won the ten-mile walking championship belt of New England. Merrill covered the ten miles in 1h. 17m. 40s. As the timing and the measurement of the track were correct, Merrill's performance can now be placed on record as the fastest American amateur record for 6 and 7 miles, and the best record in the world for 9 and 10 miles. The previous best amateur performance in America were: Six miles, 42m. 31s. 7m. 54m. 26s. 7m. by W. W. Purdy, M. A. C., Sept. 8, 1880; and the best previous amateur records in the world were: Nine miles, 1h. 10m. 3s.; 10 miles, 1h. 18m. 16s., by J. B. Clark, E. C. A. C., Sept. 8, 1880. The following is Merrill's time: One mile, 7m. 4s.; 2 miles, 14m. 37s.; 3 miles, 22m. 12s.; 4 miles, 29m. 19s.; 5 miles, 36m. 20s.; 6 miles, 44m. 28s.; 7 miles, 51m. 7s.; 8 miles, 1h. 2m. 12s.; 9 miles, 1h. 10m. 3s.; 10 miles, 1h. 17m. 40s. He walked 7 miles 10 laps in 59m. 51s.

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